The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston and Chicago — September 15, 1923

Help for Japan

THE American people have been inexpressibly shocked at the terrible disaster suffered in Japan. We have already given voice to our deep sympathy and we shall be prompt and generous in urgent relief measures.

The historic friendship between the two peoples was cemented at the Washington conference, and the noble attitude of the distinguished representatives of the Japanese Government at that conference can never be forgotten.

There is a universal desire among us, not only to express our grief at this appalling tragedy, but to lend in every way a helping hand to our friends who are so sorely afflicted.

Charles E. Hughes.

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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THE UNIVERSALIST LEADER is published every Saturday at Two Dollars a year.

ENTERED as second class matter at the post office at Boston, Mass. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 3, 1918.

POSTAGE prepaid in the United States and Canada. Receipt of subscription is indicated by change of date on the address label. Unless notice to discontinue is received it will be assumed that the subscriber wishes his name to remain on the list.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS—When a change of address is ordered, both the old and the new address must be given, and such notice sent to 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

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—From an Editorial in the Leader.

ADVERTISING RATES: Twenty cents per agate line; $2.40 per inch for a single insertion. Contract rates on application.

Universalist Publishing House

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176 NEWBURY STREET, BOSTON
DORCHESTER AVE. AND 60th ST., CHICAGO

Mιγμα

We have formed the habit of peace; we think in terms of peace. Differences arise but our confidence in each other's sense of justice and peaceful intent remains unshaken and dominates our purposes and plans. The only pathway of peace is that in which our peoples are walking together. (*Charles E. Hughes, before the Canadian Bar Association.*)

υ λ

By the act of a tyrant the League of Nations has been brought to book. It must now demonstrate that it has courage and capacity or go to the wall. If it can not deal with Mussolini it ought to be painlessly chloroformed. . . . So this impudent swashbuckler has brought up with a round turn the Robert Cecils, the Smutses, the Nansens, and all the good and true Americans who have been insisting that a League of Nations conceived and constituted like this one was going to exercise its powers to pacify the world. (*The Nation.*)

υ λ

What the France of M. Poincare is in effect doing is to deprive a helpless neighboring people of their natural economic, political and moral life. (*New Republic.*)

υ λ

Let the Liberals go out from all the denominations and form an organization of their own. These rationalists usually talk about liberty and rights. Let them use their liberty to go. (*The Presbyterian.*)

υ λ

There is a growing tendency here and everywhere to call France stubborn and to forget all the terrible hardships which were thrust upon her by a relentless Germany. The French sense this and are naturally resentful. Premier Poincare in his reply to Lord Curzon's note wistfully inquires whether France's indebtedness is to be put in the same category with Germany's. In a certain sense every one ought to be ashamed of himself if he permits himself to be influenced by Germany's present plight to the disadvanatge of France. (*Independent.*)

υ λ

The "fundamentalists" have been able to capture a good word as a cloak for worn-out ideas. Most religious people wish to learn and to observe the fundamentals of religion. They seek the kernel rather than the husk. But the real question is, What are the fundamentals of Christianity? . . . The world of to-day truly wants to know what the religion of Jesus is. The fundamentalists have failed to set it forth; sometimes liberals have equally failed, through flippancy of mind and through their too common habit of negation. (*Christian Century.*)

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THE Universalist Leader

Two Dollars a Year | 105th Year | { New Series } | Vol. XXVI No. 37

ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed

Editorial

OUR MISSIONARIES SPARED

IN the frightful destruction at Tokyo, Yokohama, Nagoya and other Japanese cities, our missionaries have escaped. The following cablegram was received at the office of the Secretary of the General Convention on Saturday, Sept. 8: "Tokyo church has been destroyed. All missionaries are safe. Mission buildings somewhat damaged. Money will be required. Letters posted to-day." This message was sent from Sendai.

Our pity for those whose lives have been crushed out, for those maimed and crippled and beggared, is not less but more because of our own thanksgiving.

It would have been a cruel loss if any of our devoted band had been taken. The danger makes us realize anew how dear they are to us. If ever we have been indifferent to their anxieties and hardships, their problems and responsibilities, we feel now that we will be indifferent no more.

They have come through a great experience. Like all other experiences of life, well and bravely met, it will make them bigger, broader, better men and women.

And the mission workers of all the Churches ought to be brought closer together. The task of teaching human brotherhood ought to be easier. And if it is, faith in God will not be less but more.

The doing and bearing of the Divine will together will make them know the doctrine.

* *

HELP FOR THE JAPANESE

NOW is the time for Christian people everywhere to show their sympathy for Japan. Whether exaggerated or not in early reports, the catastrophe is bad enough. Probably it will stand out in history as one of the greatest in the record of mankind. We do not recall any disaster where both the capital and the principal seaport of a civilized country have gone down together. Seldom has such quick death come to prince and pauper alike.

The cheering thing is that the forces of relief instantly mobilized. The army and the navy are busy. Huge war machines are hurtling themselves through the water to carry rice, blankets and bandages. Churches are sending out their appeals.

The president of the Universalist General Convention telegraphs us to sign his name to any appeal. Probably every minister and layman in our fellowship would back him up. But denominational appeals are not necessary. There is one authorized agency created for an hour like this—the American Red Cross.

It maintains a reserve so that it need not wait an hour, or to raise a dollar, but can start help instantly, knowing that the American people depend on it to take action and knowing that the people will put back that reserve. The nearest Red Cross office should be used. If any person for any reason wishes to have this paper act as a transmitting agency, it will be happy to do it. The New England Headquarters of the American Red Cross is at No. 73 Newbury Street, Boston.

The magnitude of this disaster, the inability of any one nation to grapple with it alone, the death which hovers over Japan in even more terrible form, from the slow torture of unbandaged wounds, from starvation, from thirst, from exposure, from pestilence—all will spur us to action.

And the thought that we are all human beings with the same simple elemental human needs, hopes, fears, loves—all children of one pitying God—will make us act to the extent of our power.

* *

NO COMPETITION IN A CRISIS

THE Board of Directors of the Christian Science Church issues a call for contributions "from individuals, branch churches and societies for relief work in Japan." "After the Directors determine that the necessity for which this fund is established has passed, they will apply the remainder for other relief work as occasion may arise."

The Salvation Army issues a similar appeal. Many Churches follow the example.

The spirit back of these appeals is admirable. If the Churches are to send the money they raise to the one authorized central agency of the government, the Red Cross, a service will be rendered.

If, however, like the Christian Scientists, advantage is taken of this crisis and its emotional appeal to the masses to raise independent relief funds, two results will follow: Money will be diverted from general relief urgently needed, relief in food and blankets and bandages, to be spent in other ways. And we

will be starting back to the old way of many appeals and many relief dispensing agencies, with competition, duplication and waste!

When the Knickerbocker Theater collapsed in Washington the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Washington, opened its doors, turned its building into an emergency hospital, and sheltered doctors and nurses at their humane work. Mother Church, with its boards and committees, might profitably follow the example of daughter church and march with the relief forces. If the trustees object to any of the funds going for chloroform to deaden pain or to pay doctors or nurses, Christian Science funds could go exclusively for purchase of food.

With intelligent, right-minded people and in a disaster like that in Japan, co-operation ought to be worked out.

* *

TOKYO CHURCH DESTROYED

WE are sure that the little Tokyo church will never be rebuilt. Another and better church may take its place. Or in the upheaval a new alignment or union may be made. Our resources may be pooled with others to erect something worthier of our faith.

Our principles will never be abandoned. Our methods of work may be changed. It is too soon yet to decide. We have not the facts before us.

The little Tokyo church has done its part. Great ideas have been promulgated there. A noble way of life been held up there. Cheer and love and courage have been created there. But as a structure it never has expressed our beautiful faith, and never has attracted discriminating souls.

Something better must take its place and do its work.

* *

EARTHQUAKES AND PROGRESS

KIPLING said long ago something to the effect that man with his strutting and boasting needs an earthquake now and then to put him in his proper place in the universe.

Certain it is that pomp and arrogance can not survive in the atmosphere of Yokohama and Tokyo these days.

For all of us it is a humbling thought that a slight shifting of the crust of the earth, or a slight bursting of a comparatively tiny bubble inside, or a slight leakage from the ocean bed, can hurl so much of our proud material civilization to the dust.

> "The boast of arrogance, the pomp of power
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour."

That represents one mood and one phase of truth. Another equally significant fact is that orders for steel plate, steel wire and sheet iron went out from Japan with the first cables. Reconstruction began before destruction ended.

Smitten, man accepts and starts over. Sublime courage and determination come out at such a time. And with the courage of the afflicted, there is revealed a sympathy of all the rest of mankind.

In our country especially, the rush to help is amazing and rebukes our pessimism since the war. Cities like New York with a quota of a million make it two million over night and start out to equal the five million quota for the country. Boston underwrites her quota in ten minutes. The Steel Company and the structural steel worker alike give generously. It is America at her best.

Philosophizing upon the meaning of evil can wait. We are sure that it is our world to do with what we will. Under God we are to find out the laws, physical and spiritual, learn to co-operate and make the kingdom come.

Now, while the ruins are still smoking and the bodies are not all buried, Japanese scientists are busy with the problem of controlling these colossal natural forces. In time they may be caught and harnessed like electricity.

Without being foolishly optimistic and without minimizing the horror of this last catastrophe, rational men can hold fast their faith in the reasonableness of the universe and the love of God.

* *

AN UNSHAKEN FOUNDATION

THE inability of the intellect to grasp the magnitude of the recent disaster in Japan is, perhaps, scarcely less than a blessing. If we could appreciate the loss of life and the destruction of property, our minds would be appalled and our wills paralyzed. Our mental constitution is such that the figures we read lose all significance by virtue of their very size, but the appeal to our sympathies finds expression in quicker response and more immediate action because of our failure to understand in its entirety the awfulness of the catastrophe.

The civilized world has been quick to reply to the call for aid. Ships of mercy already hurry to harassed Japan. As ever, Americans are among the first and the most generous to respond.

The sight of a whole world hurrying to the aid of the battered island encourages a belief in the fundamental soundness of human nature and the universal existence of a stratum of sympathy upon which a world of brotherhood may yet be built. The pity of it is that a horrible calamity is required to produce evidences of the spirit that would prevent the yet more horrible calamities which result from men's fears and hates.

G. H.

* *

JAPAN MISSION BULLETIN

THE Board of Foreign Missions is sending the following appeal to all our churches:

On September 8 the Board of Foreign Missions received the following message from our workers in Japan: "Tokyo Church destroyed. All missionaries are safe. Mission buildings somewhat damaged. Money will be needed. Letters posted to-day."

On receipt of this cable we have authorized Dr. Ayres to draw on us for funds to cover immediate relief of our own people. We are certain our churches in America want this done. Other amounts for relief must and will be sent as added information is received.

The Red Cross, which has been designated by President Coolidge as the official relief agency, will

take care of the general needs of the Japanese people—and we will help in this as a matter of course—but we must provide our own missionaries with funds for themselves and their native associates as all other Mission Boards are doing for their own.

This is an unprecedented opportunity for us to speak in terms of Christian service and to practise our gospel of human brotherhood toward our fellow Universalists in stricken Japan, many of whom may be without shelter, or proper food and clothing.

We ask you, therefore, to present this matter to your people individually and collectively in any way that seems best to you. Impress upon them this need for immediate relief. Do something big, worthy of our professions, and help cheer up our workers in the field—and *do it now*.

Do not let our people confuse this with the offering for the general Japan expense which is credited on the quota of your state or with the larger calls which will necessarily come later for reconstruction in Japan. This is only for the immediate emergency.

Send all contributions to the Secretary of the Board and they will be forwarded to Japan at once.

Fred C. Leining, Chairman.

Roger F. Etz, Secretary.

* *

WATCH US GROW

"WATCH us Grow," says an ad in a big city. The psychology is good, for the very words imply life and prosperity. "Watch us Die" says the pessimistic Universalist who would be properly offended if you were to intimate he was not a Christian.

Growth is comparative, hence let's provide for ourselves the proper unit for comparative measurements.

Physical growth is measured in pounds, inches or numbers.

Religious growth is meted out in service, right living, happiness and love of God.

Before reflecting your own religious improvement in such words as "Watch me Die" just look before you and see a world of service, an abundance of right living, a wealth of happiness and love of God shining out of the eyes and hearts of millions of optimists.

Universalism has always stood and still stands for service, right living, human happiness and love of God, and nobody to-day whose eyes are half open can remark other than—Watch us grow.

J. M. T.

* *

POISON

SPEAKING of Lord Birkenhead's appeal to the self-interest of America, the *Albany Evening Journal* calls it "An Antiseptic." We call it "Poison," and the editorial in the *Albany Journal* of Wm. Barnes, Jr., "poison double distilled."

If Wm. Barnes, Jr., is less active now than in the days of Roosevelt, he has raised up a staff which reflects his cynicism, his pessimism, and his contempt at their worst. The *Journal* says:

> The address of Lord Birkenhead at Williamstown yesterday was a refreshing draught of pure intelligence from which the American people should drink copiously to purge themselves of the unreal stuff with which they have been saturated by "mankind everywhere" propagandists. . . . Coming after the vague expression of international ideals with which Lord Cecil regaled us, Lord Birkenhead's words clarify the mind and revive the spirit.
>
> Again—we quote: "I have no delusions as to the only function which the American government is called upon to discharge. Their primary, and indeed their only, duty is to the American people. If by intervention in the affairs of a stricken Europe they can advance the fortunes of the American people, then it seems to me as an humble observer that it would be their duty to make such an intervention. But if in cool perspective they reached the conclusion that no compensating gain to the American people will result from reassuming European and world responsibility, they would be failing in their duty if they embraced an unnecessary responsibility."
>
> Self-preservation is the first law of nature. Those who obey it, and the English do, are not likely to become a charge upon others. Those who must be altruistic to be happy and to satisfy their consciences, would do well to keep this angle of approach in mind.

The *Boston Transcript* adds that if Lord Birkenhead put his foot in it as some of the English papers charge, "he put his right foot forward when he made that statement."

If we can get anything out of it, we can help Europe; if we can not we had better stay away. If we profit by foreign missions well and good; if we don't we had better cut them out.

We may properly help Europe because it will make a market for our farm products. We may properly give to missions because the reaction on home churches is of value. The Church which does the most abroad does the most at home.

In all this is truth, half truth, and poisonous falsehood.

Self-preservation is the first law of nature. In it are elements of community service. If a man does not bear his own burdens, somebody else will have to bear them. A man therefore renders service to all by service of self. Industry and thrift are virtues. A boy in school ought to get out of it all he can. It is right to work for the best possible mind, in the strongest possible body, for ourselves that we can.

Self-preservation is not the only law. Throughout nature runs the law of mutual aid. Fundamental in morals is help of others. The second commandment of religion enjoins love of neighbor.

The highest ideal of human society is a brotherhood. The Church of Jesus Christ is not going to lower its standards.

If Lord Birkenhead or anybody else shows us that we are standing in our own light and harming our own people by failing to do a right thing, that is good in so far as it goes. But the thing we shall say continually, as a journal of religion, is that we must "do right because it is right to do right," and that we must help the people of Europe, Asia, Africa and North and South America because they are the children of "the one God and Father of us all."

* *

The Bible never goes "stale." People never find it dry save as they themselves have dried up. But the truths of it are spiritual and the vision that sees them must be a spiritual vision.

The Unfinished Task in Japan

Minnie J. Ayres

We will hold nothing back for a Japan issue of the *Leader*, but publish as soon as received articles from our Mission Field, knowing that now they will be read eagerly throughout the country.

Mrs. Ayres is the wife of our Chief Missionary in Japan, Dr. Samuel Gilbert Ayres. In our editorial columns will be found the latest news as to the fate of our beloved missionaries. "The practical things of love" Mrs. Ayres writes about are the task now of our whole nation.

THIS is the fifth summer we have been in Japan and the fifth time we have been sending back our letters for the Japan *Leader*. Conditions are changing so rapidly that perhaps some things we wrote five years ago we would not write to-day, while some, if possible, we would stress with the increased emphasis of five years' experience.

Five years ago this summer our little group of missionaries met at Karuizawa and outlined what we considered a modest plan for the immediate needs of the Mission. Some of those things have been realized; but of that program there still remains unfinished the kindergarten and social building at the Blackmer Home and the Perin-Cate House. We are glad to state, however, that the former is now under construction and before many months will become a part of our equipment; but it looks now as though the time for our return would come before the latter is even begun. We are not looking upon this as a personal matter, for perhaps it is just as well that others should take up this special task and bring it to completion, but we do regret mightily the delay in making this a feature of our mission work.

It has been our privilege this summer to take a short trip through Korea and North China to Peking. The days were crowded full of impressions which will find expression, perhaps, later; but one thing which stands out prominently now, which has already been much emphasized, but which we would try to make even more emphatic, is that Japan is the strategic mission field in the East to-day. A few years ago we had a chart in our Mission Study work: "Japan Leads the Orient." "Whither?" It is even more true to-day.

Japan does lead the Orient, and we may well ask "Whither?" The little group of praying men and women gathered at this seaside place ask this question over and over, but they are working zealously to turn this nation in the right direction. A Christian Japanese, who saw the children in a missionary's home at their evening prayers, said, "Oh, how beautiful! If we only had thousands upon thousands of little children in Japan praying like that, Japan would be a different nation!"

This is the direction we would have her lead, and the only successful method of reaching this land is through her children and young people. The people in general are too materialistic to be touched by sermons or systems of thought; only practical Christianity makes a lasting impression. The young man student may say, "Why do you teach me?" Perhaps he may guess why when he really learns of Jesus Christ, and then, ten to one, he may turn a rank socialist, bitter toward any one who has more than he, arguing that since Jesus Christ was poor every Christian must be poor and give away everything he has.

These things we have talked over and over with numberless students. The situation here is extremely difficult and sometimes we can only wonder if Japan can be saved from going the way of Russia. We who live and work here feel that her only salvation will be through the power of love, Christian love, nothing else is great enough.

For a number of years Japan has been very unpopular among the other nations, but I think this is changing somewhat now. We who know these people intimately find them very lovable and possessed of many admirable virtues, and we realize that what they are to-day is only the product of the religion which has formed them through the years. Perhaps some of our American people wondered at the change of attitude of the Japanese at the Washington Conference, but perhaps all do not know that after they had heard Secretary Hughes' fair proposals, the leader of the Japanese delegation could not sleep. He sat up all night in his room pondering over the problem and when his colleagues came in at five in the morning he was still there thinking. He said: "There is no use. We are worsted at the outset. There is something more in Christianity than a name." These are the things that conquer: not armies or battleships, but love.

Probably no other one thing ever did more for peace and international good-will than Secretary Hay's returning the Boxer indemnity for the purpose of educating Chinese students, and an American in China to-day is treated with the greatest respect.

These are the kind of things which we must do for Japan, practical things, things that they can see, such things as we had hoped to do through our Perin-Cate House. These are the things which are prompted by love, the same love which sent our soldiers across to France and which animated Clara Barton. Now we are building memorials to these, and we can only wonder which is the most fitting memorial—a temple, a home, or to "dedicate ourselves to the unfinished task," to "carry on," in the spirit in which they began? The one without the other would have little meaning.

As the time approaches for us to leave the work here it seems as though we were leaving many things unfinished. Perhaps there will always be an unfinished task, for as one thing is done we must reach on to higher things. Jesus Christ left to us the great unfinished task of the regeneration of the world, so great a job that we must make haste to be about our Father's business. We who are out on the frontier can only tell you of the Home Base that here the need is urgent and ask that the Home Church push more vigorously the unfinished task in Japan.

Takayama Beach, Aug. 18, 1923.

Cruising Around a Changing World

XXXVI Some Happy Days Afloat

John van Schaick, Jr.

WHEN we left Manila it seemed to us sure that, no matter what happened to call us home, we were going around the world. After Manila, it was easier to go ahead than to turn back.

After we sailed from Bombay, it seemed as if we were headed home. Canadian Pacific agents came on board and opened offices for return passage. Definite plans had to be made. Dates had to be picked. The gallery of the smoking room where the office was first opened and the D deck purser's office to which it was moved, with the long lines of waiting people, looked like a Cook's or an American Express office on shore with a tourist ship just in. Happy were the wise folks who had settled all these things and bought return passage before starting out. One always takes a chance in doing it of having to trade the tickets in, but it is good policy nevertheless for travelers using the North Atlantic passages in the summer season. When we left Cairo, however, it seemed as if everything was over.

The ship went ahead at full speed, making almost a hundred miles a day more than she had made before—nobody knew why. Nobody knows why. Great are the mysteries of transportation. At sea and on land the time-honored policy is to tell the public as little as possible. Perhaps it is a good policy, as fear is contagious and panics at sea have killed people in the past.

So if the stokers have struck we have never known it. If, down in the terrible heat of the tropics, they have fought and killed one another with shovels, it has only been whispered about. If the ship has gone on to the mud, we have only guessed it because she stayed there until high tide. If the steering gear has broken, we have found it out by seeing them steer with the emergency wheel at the stern. If she has keeled over and whirled her 18,000 tons suddenly around in her tracks and headed back the way she came, we have never been sure whether it was the rudder or news by wireless that there was lacking two feet of water on the bar. All added, however, to the romance and mystery of the trip.

We have never been in real danger. We have had a marvelous and almost unbroken succession of blue skies and smooth waters. We have been cared for in our cruising at a high-grade floating hotel, at rates lower than we would have had to pay at hotels ashore.

Thousands of people could sublet, go around the world, and make money doing it. Only they ought to know in advance that a $1,000 room even with an electric fan does not resemble a $10,000 suite with its sitting room, bath and bedroom.

I have not been sorry that I came. I wouldn't part with what I have gained for five times or ten times what it cost, and I am going again. And I want, in this letter, to emphasize just the cruising itself.

Some of my friends have begrudged the time we have been at sea. My wife and I and some others of us have been happiest afloat. Calm, sunny seas, great white clouds, flying fish, occasional porpoises, occasional whales, occasional craft, distant lighthouses flashing out at night, sunrise and sunset, starlight and moonlight, and always the steady movement on to the mysterious horizon which calls us—the 28,000 statute miles we have made to date have been full of delight.

To be sure even the cruising would lose its mystery and magic if there were not the shore journeys and studies and experiences to help us imagine what lies beneath all new horizons.

With all these there has been the steadily enlarging circle of congenial people, the folks who have been coming down the road for thirty, forty or fifty years to meet us, and who only turned into our trail as we walked up the streets of Yokohama, or sat down to eat in Ceylon, or climbed to the Towers of Silence in Bombay, or watched the Fascisti in Gambrinus Restaurant at Naples.

And while some people object to a miscellaneous crowd, to me that has been one of the delights of the cruise. I have been lecturing for a year now on "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." Here is a laboratory to try out all the theories. I would drop one or two over to the fishes if I were not so fond of all dumb creatures, but they don't count. The ship has been a cross section of society. It is like a great Rotary Club, where the man who knows pig iron and the man who knows sonnets sit side by side to the advantage of both. I like this cruising because I like the "Rotarian Ideal." It ought to be a Christian ideal.

In one delightful Rotary Club meeting on board where I was a guest I heard comments on India from every conceivable standpoint—all most illuminating, and the paper which a quiet New York State doctor read made some of us wonder why we had lectured and he had kept still all the way around the world. And in this little meeting of Rotarians on shipboard in the shadow almost of Mount Etna, I saw the whole of the fine scope of the organization outlined.

As we near Gibraltar, I think back, of all the different waters, of the beauty of New York, of the approach to Cuba, of sailing away from Panama, of seeing the Golden Gate, of coming up to Hilo at sunset one day, and to Honolulu at sunset the next day, of long days on the Pacific and the sublimity of the one storm in all this circuit of the world, the day or two before we got to Japan, of the never-to-be-forgotten waters of Hong Kong, of the sailing southward over the Equator and northward over the Equator, and of all the mysterious cloud effects down there by day and by night, of the China Sea, the Bay of Bengal, the Arabian Sea, the dreaded Red Sea so marvelously good to us, and at last Port Said and the Mediterranean.

If all were well at home and if fascinating tasks were not awaiting us, I should like to turn the ship around at Southampton after a visit to Europe and go home the other way. Take a day or two still fresh in our minds as an illustration:

We were the second day out of Port Said. We had sighted and passed Crete and had come to the end of the peninsula of Italy. The sun shone on little villages in rocky gorges, making us homesick for Sorrento or Amalfi or little towns beyond.

Then a bulletin went up saying that at five we would be up with Mount Etna, and we were on the lookout. There it was at last, misty in the distance, but huge in proportions and with smoke pouring from the summit. The wireless the day before had told us that Etna was unusually active. Ten thousand feet high, in eruption every few years, deadly in its fury, yet the authorities tell us that its lower slopes are densely populated because they are so extraordinarily fertile. Up to about three thousand feet, vines, olives, and vegetables grow in an extraordinary way. Over three thousand people per square mile may be found in one triangle near the base. Children born there must be like the children of Dunkirk or Rheims or Fumes in the war. Old folks must be fatalists. The fearful and nervous must be dead.

Back in old Greek and Roman times great controversies took place which sound strangely familiar. Greek writers held that it was the mountain where Zeus strangled the giant Typhon. Roman writers explained its phenomena as due to natural causes. The Roman Emperor Hadrian even dared climb it as tourists do constantly to-day. Probably most of us will live to read of refugee flights from Catania near its base, and to give to refugee funds for the succor of the peasants to whom it is home.

We rounded the toe of Italy and headed north for the Straits of Messina, reminding us of the American Red Cross relief operations in the Messina earthquake and tidal wave disaster in 1908 where 150,000 people were killed at one fell swoop. The wind went down and the sea was like glass as we passed Scylla on the one side and Charybdis on the other. We had a sunset behind the Eolian Islands second (if second) only to one of the marvelous sunsets at Ceylon. With a cloud band across the fiery red ball as it sank it looked like Saturn in its rings. And as the ship moved steadily on, it lay on the slope of rocky islet just before it dropped away. Then a huge bulk began to loom up ahead and we discovered that it was Stromboli, another famous volcano, perpetually active and sending up smoke and flashing fire for our benefit in a way which well atoned for the inactivity of Hilo three months or so ago.

All this sight-seeing was possible from the solid deck of a great liner cruising around the world.

The great liner hurried a little too much, for she was at anchor at Naples when most of us woke up, and for the first time it was a hazy, misty morning on that famous bay. I assumed that the Bay of Naples could not be anything but dark blue, with Capri and Ischi and the other islands standing out distinct and Vesuvius looming over all. But much of the haze burned away before the day was old. It was Holy Thursday, or Ascension Day, and I well knew what that meant in Italy—a Sunday in mid-week. We drove to the Cathedral, saw mass, heard a fine old priest preaching in one corner, and watched the hundreds coming and going. We saw again the aquarium with its world-famous sea anemones. We took our drive up high and down low, by rose-bushes in full bloom and other lovely flowers. We bought gloves at 75 cents and $1.00 a pair. We went to Gambrinus Restaurant to see the Fascisti assemble and to eat omelette and chocolate mousse and macaroni *au jus* for 60 or 70 cents each. Then the five in our party called a taxi and drove to the elevator which lifted us to the spot I remember best of all in Naples—the terrace in front of Bertilini's Hotel, where we had our coffee and had all the glory of the Bay of Naples and majestic Vesuvius with its smoke cap at the same time. In the one place we were among the people; in the other we were with world famous scenery and with dear friends.

As we rode back in a train, we noticed scrawled here and there on the buildings: "*Morte a Lenin.*" The little lady with us pulled out an anonymous letter from home. It told how a few of the ladies of her community had formed an organization for the ideals of conservative Americanism, that they had noticed her friendship with one questionable person (a little Russian lady) and that they advised her to discontinue that friendship—the most wooden-headed, narrow-minded letter of the type I ever saw. It made me remark at our table on board: "The more I see of the Fascisti, the more I feel like espousing communism;" but I hastened to save my reputation by adding: "The more I see of communism the more I feel like joining the Fascisti."

Both things are true of me and of most liberal-minded people. The more we see of the war on socialists, the more we feel like turning socialist; the more we read socialism and find socialists fighting side by side with the reactionary against all our pet plans for progress, the more we want to fight them.

Well may most causes and most men pray to be delivered, not from their enemies, but from their fool friends.

We left 350 or more people from our ship at Naples as we slowly moved out at six o'clock in the afternoon. Many were there to see us go. Lovers were separated, friendships were ended, familiar faces and forms which had come into our lives and into close association with us went back down over the horizon. Strange are the meetings and the partings of this world. On an ordinary ocean passage we expect to part and never see one another again, but here was an association for almost four months.

How would those New York children turn out? Would we ever hear again from that most interesting family from Vermont? Would I ever find out more from the silent student who sat near me as I wrote? What about the nice stewardess and the faithful steward and the little bath steward who for weeks came with the sun? How about all these forty doctors and all these dozen or more clergymen? What about the people at our own table who have made life so pleasant? Who would marry whom? What would become of all the members of the sunset club?

All the delightful Southerners, all the Californians, all the New Englanders, all the host of people out of the great Middle West, all the old folks, all the young folks, all the cultured city folk, all the plain country people, all of the forty delightful Canadians, all of the English and Cubans, who have played at the game with

us—where are they all going, what will they find there, how will they rise to it, will we ever see any of them again?

My war comrades are my comrades still—even the French who have torn up everything we thought they were fighting for, have done such irreparable damage, and yet are so lovable.

But how about these comrades of a tourist cruise?

One thing is sure: We have all been in the same boat. The hot sun shone on all of us. The small-pox endangered stewards and passengers alike. The rocks and reefs and currents endangered all. It ought to make us all realize that the world is a ship and that we are all in it.

* *

Yesterday we landed for half a day at Gibraltar, where parties left us for Spain. We had a quiet peaceful Sunday morning in which to climb the heights and walk among the flowers in the park. The birds sang for us, the geraniums and forget-me-nots bloomed for us, and the heliotrope came up to us in wave after wave of perfume.

Man after man of the English clergy passed on the way to church—some with service ribbons and decorations pinned to the frock coat, all with the high clerical collar. It would have been delightful to worship with them had there been time.

As it was, the quiet streets, the closed houses, the Sabbath calm, the peaceful morning in a beautiful garden, the lovely views out over the water to Spain and to Africa, and the background of the Rock which can not be moved made a morning where we thought often: "The Lord is my rock and my fortress."

Atlantic Ocean, off Portugal, May 28, 1923.

A Saint of the Slums in Japan

THE following remarkable statement of Christian faith and practise was dictated in English by the Rev. Toyohiko Kagawa to Dr. Harry W. Myers, and is printed as an appendix to a most interesting and useful book, "Creative Forces in Japan," by Galen M. Fisher, a book issued for Mission Study the present year by the Missionary Education Movement of the United States and Canada and the Central Committee on the United Study of Foreign Missions.

When we learn that Kagawa has written a novel, "Crossing the Death Line," which has gone through 300 editions in two years, that he is the one great power of Japan for the humanizing of conditions of industry in his country, that he lives so simply and truly that he is known as the "Saint of the Shinkawa Slums," we begin to understand the debt we all owe to the Christian Churches, particularly the Presbyterian, which have educated him.

Little children worn out in industry are more difficult to visualize than little children crushed to death in an earthquake, but their loss is an even greater catastrophe.

Kagawa is laboring to teach Japan the value of individual human beings—to change industry by evolution instead of by revolution—to apply the principles of Christ.

This message was dictated October 6, 1922:

"My chief work is the building and the rebuilding of the Human Temple. It is the Carpenter Jesus alone who is able to do this work. I am helper and servant to him. The material for this building is Life, Labor, and Liberty.

"Hitherto, religious teachers have confined their efforts too much to doctrine and emotion, and men of the world have emphasized matter and money. They must all learn to worship God through life, not merely through doctrine or emotion or matter or money. I am strongly opposed to the Marxian materialistic conception of history. Economics and religion are not separate but one. To live a life and to live up to life is economics and it is religion. Without God there is no economics and there is no life, for God is Life Eternal.

"The action of life is Labor; therefore man must enjoy labor. I am opposed to the system which makes a mere 'human machine' of labor and laborers. Labor is not a commodity to be bought and sold, it is a gift of God to be respected and honored. But labor without God is useless effort, a tread-mill that brings man to no goal. Labor expended, for instance, at a brewery or in making munitions at the arsenal, is destructive and does not accord with God's purpose of life for mankind. Unemployment is not in accord with God's will, for we must get a realization of life through labor. The exploitation of labor for selfish purposes is one of the worst of evils. Paul says, 'If any will not work, neither let him eat.'

"The third material in the Human Temple is Liberty. This does not mean equality. God has given to every man a different degree of ability. If a man is allowed to realize and employ all the powers that God has given him, that is liberty. No man has a right to hinder this liberty in any other man. The principle of equality lies in the fact that God has given life equally to all. Men must have liberty to be educated, liberty to marry, liberty to vote, liberty to organize, liberty to migrate, liberty to think and speak, liberty to worship.

"Just now, Life, Labor, and Liberty are all three being destroyed. Class hatred and revolution are being emphasized from the side of the oppressed. The leaders are preaching revolution with a promise of bread. The real demand and need are not for bread alone, but for Life, Labor, and Liberty. Violence and revolution will never bring men these three. Souls must be redeemed first. The wounds have pierced too deeply into the souls of men. Without regeneration and rejuvenation of the souls of men from within, men can never see the Kingdom of God. We can not redeem ourselves; we must believe in the power of God to redeem. The work of Christ is to supply our deficiency and the mission of the followers of Christ is to go out in the power of the Spirit of God to save the suffering, armed, not with a sword, but with love.

Christians must glorify God in the flesh as Christ glorified God in the flesh. This is the building of the Human Temple and the Gospel of

the Incarnation. To live a Life is a fine art, it is to glorify God in our bodies. This is where art and religion meet. Economics is a part of art; it is the art of making life enjoyable and happy. Art without God is nothing. To live a religious life, a man can not withdraw to some desert cave or mountain temple. He must bear his cross in the flesh and live a life of service among men. That is the art of art, the economics of economics, and the religion of religion. That is the Gospel of Christ."

Front Porch Studies

WHEN I was a little boy, few things intrigued my imagination like the cornucopia. Every picture of it, whether in black or white or color, fascinated and thrilled me, even when unescorted by a Miami Beach bathing girl, whose only mission seemed to be to hold it wrong side up and pour out the treasures of flowers and fruit and gold and jewels in superabundant abundance to dazzle my wondering eyes. In all the years it has never been my good fortune to see a real, live, producing cornucopia, though the most brilliant if not artistic pictures often adorn the seed catalogues, or the oil or mining stock propaganda. Then some genius produced a sheer lace bag in proper form and filled it with candy to be distributed at children's Christmas parties, and in these later years a degenerate, because perfectly straight, cone filled with ice-cream has come to satisfy partly the world's craving for the mysteries of the cornucopia.

But this relic of the ancient days when men lived by the glories of fancy instead of the cruder sensations of the stomach, still abides in some form or another, to satisfy an insistent longing of our human nature. We all like to see bounty, abundance, the prolific pouring of something our way—big, abnormal dividends appeal to even the loud-mouthed Christian as well as to the humble Jew! To get a bargain, something for nothing, even a little more than we paid for, that is the cornucopia spirit, the outpouring of the big, open mouth, with never a thought of the shrinking, petering-out body bending away into nothing. It is dream stuff. I know because I have dreamed it, as I have tried to get rich quick, to get well quick, to do good quick, to build great institutions quick, with my imagination fixed on the prolific mouth and never a thought for the ever attenuating prehensile organ.

I conquered the cornucopia spirit and habit some time ago, because I had to, and began to live the simple life according to the teaching of my friend, Prof. Charles Wagner, who was said by a clever man to veneer his mahogany furniture with white pine and lecture for only three hundred dollars a half hour, so he could live on skimmed milk and preserved fish! All of which was not true, but was clever! As I knew Mr. Wagner, he was not in the least of cornucopia build. His was a well balanced mind and heart. He was four-square, not with bounty at one end and attenuation to disappearance at the other.

A well-balanced life is the only life to live, and the cornucopia is about as unevenly balanced an object as ever appeared on the horizon of reality or imagination. There is too much at one extreme and not enough at the other. Economically, financially and socially, America is a big, unwieldy cornucopia.

And yet there is much that is attractive about the thing. I have always wanted to see one *au naturel!* I have seen it. After wandering pretty well over the world and failing to overtake it, behold, as I sit on my porch, not ten feet away in my front yard there has been growing a beautiful date palm. There is an unverified tradition that the date palm must be a hundred years old before it becomes productive, but because it is so beautiful all along the way I am encouraging its growth. I can buy all the dates I want to eat for a few cents, but the daily sight of this most graceful palm is worth thousands of dollars to my esthetic soul.

This particular specimen is less than ten years old, but it has a rough trunk nearly a foot in diameter and it is perhaps ten feet tall. It is a literal vernal fountain of life as the long fronds of rich green shoot up and then bend over until their tips touch the ground, where they are cut off, about six inches from the base, and the stumps dry up and eventually form the rough trunk, until after many years they all fall off leaving a smooth palm body, when it may be twenty to thirty feet high at the fountain top, in which there is always the unfolding of the new frond. But, just now, my date palm is in the rough, and out of the mass of decaying stumps I noticed one morning a queer looking pod, not unlike a mammoth pea-pod, which grew rapidly in length and diameter until it was about a foot long and three inches through. What it was I did not know until our plant expert pronounced it a bud.

It was too much to think we were soon to gather ripe dates, ninety years before they were due, but I soon learned that my youthful palm was not unlike the children of men in that it liked to play grown-up! For very soon the pod began to burst open along one side and as I watched I saw the birth of the cornucopia, for in two days the pod split open from the top down and there poured forth a flood of gold, on thousands of tiny, tremulous threads, little nuggets of pure metal seemingly bending as gracefully as the big, green fronds and swaying in the slightest breeze. It is a picture of floral bounty which might easily have been in the Arabian Nights land and times, where best the date palm grows, the suggestion of the cornucopia from the very impossibility of ever replacing that mass of gold within the pod.

A few days more and flower and husk were drying away, and around the other side of the big trunk another bud with an edge-like blade was pushing its way out into its new world. Of course these are non-fertile flowers and we shall not gather dates for lo, these many dates as measured in years.

But here I have seen the birth of the cornucopia and found in it the symbol of so much of modern life. It is beautiful beyond description, but it lives its flitting life and produces no fruit. There are so many human cornucopias all about in every walk of humanity, the glory of bounteous blossom, to be followed by

no fruit of worth. Socially and economically and even religiously the cornucopia is representative and typical—the grand outside florescence, which could have no life were it not for the attenuated connection with life-sources, which is forgotten in the adulation of the glorified bloom. The man or woman who is making such a display of money, the efflorescence pouring into view from the mouth of the cornucopia, is soon to die in all the dazzle of the spectacular, while the humble producer goes on producing through seasons without end, until there is some real fruit. I gathered a handful of these false blossoms, but they were as empty seashells which the waves have cast upon the beach.

Many are the people hoping and looking for heaven, and from my point of view on this exalted porch from which I look out and over and in a way down upon the whole world of human experience, with patience born of years of watchful waiting, I know that heaven is to be found only in a justly balanced life, and no one has yet found a way to balance the cornucopia of tradition, art or life, save it be the only man in all history who knew how to live.

F. A. B.

The Rev. James Vincent, D. D.

H. Philbrook Morrell

NOT long ago a very brief obituary announced the death of an esteemed minister of our denomination who for more than half a century had witnessed for the gospel as an acceptable pastor and superintendent of churches, leaving a record for ability, devotion and commendable achievements to his credit. Calmly his departure occurred. The simplest possible obsequies were observed. There was scarcely a ripple of commotion in the denomination. His adjustments to old age conditions had been so gradually made that his colleagues were hardly aware of his failing health. Now I contemplate the manner of his going and am impressed anew with the fact that the individual, however honored and influential, and indispensable though he be to rational and moral progress, is after all incidental to the Eternal Scheme. The institutions for which he lives and labors are relatively permanent and worth-while.

He used to tell with commendation of an active woman, busy with many helpful services, who upon an occasion sent her regrets to a waiting committee, explaining that she was too busy dying to attend the scheduled meeting. Likewise faithful to the matters in hand, he discharged his trust. When his ministry was fulfilled he just went on his way so quietly from among us that only his intimate friends knew of his departure. A brief obituary and another man for his place in the ranks. He was of us; is now deceased. Enough said, perhaps! So death in time gives like honors to all. The individual vanishes. The cause lives on. "For none of us liveth to himself; and none dieth to himself."

> "Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken,
> Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
> Shall pass on to ages, all about me forgotten,
> Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done."

Prior to the present slouch dress vogue ministers commonly wore silk hats and dressed to match. This friend was a silk hat minister, always groomed, well-dressed and dignified. He kept the ministerial traditions for learning, culture and gracious manners. His courtly yet friendly manners commanded respect from youth and adult. Not of the old school but of yesterday's school wherein religion and the church were subjects for serious consideration, never to be lightly esteemed or contemptuously treated. That sincere conviction gave him a power of persuasion. We big boys loyally rallied to his cause and ardently longed to be "hitched to his star" and "harnessed" to his cause. Several of us found our work in the Universalist ministry primarily because of Vincent's faith in us.

This gentlemanly minister was none the less what modern parlance terms a good mixer, and that without smoke, smut, or libertinism, as accessories to sociability. Friendly, jovial, witty, democratic, sympathetic, he was a regular rotarian before that order had been organized. Exemplary for youth, wholesome with men, chivalrous to women all.

Parishioners and friends will not soon forget his persuasive advocacy of real culture and democracy. Conspicuous with silk hat and polite manners, everybody soon knew the new minister. A maid cherished and treated as one of the minister's family was somewhat of a social innovation for the aristocratic group of our community. And when this gentleman of the cloth was seen bearing a broom from store to home that sort of self-help for our minister was another eight days' social marvel. I recollect that he bore his broom with about as much dignity, or awkwardness, as a Knight Templar does his sword. I liked his independence then and always. When he had lightened a plumber's burden by carrying some of the more awkward tools, his salutation to the passing *elite*, "You see I am the plumber's helper to-day," made him an honorary member of the labor craft and helped to keep social difference negligible as a class divider. It chanced later that one of the more fashionable, a man be it said, ventured to criticise his apparent lack of deference for the wealthier folk. Instantly, a frank confession affirmed that he had neither respect nor esteem for the rich as against the poor, nor except when he needed money for some worthy cause would he court the rich with any special care whatever. The poor of course extolled his democracy, and the worthy rich honored him the more. He was a natural mediator between rich and poor, the cultured and the unlettered. An admirable distinction that for a Universalist minister of any age. His pulpit voice is silent now. His straightforward advocacy of democracy with culture continues as a social influence through other souls quickened by his social passion. Not himself but his ideals survive.

He was a well read man of studious habits. Graduated from Miami University, he finished his preparation for the ministry at Canton Theological School in 1871, and was ordained the same year. Later

he earned the degree of Master of Arts from Miami and in 1899 received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. His preaching was characterized by intellectual robustness, originality of opinions, fearless speech, accuracy of facts and expression, effectiveness in "speaking the truth in love." He gloried in liberalism of theology and religion and was particularly happy and influential in his ministry of the union (Universalist-Unitarian) church at a time and in a region where conservative Protestantism prevailed.

I recall the strong appeals he made to my boy imagination as a theological debater. He excelled in pulpit lecture work. His addresses were thoroughly prepared in outline and content. Then, without manuscript or scrap of notes, except for exact citations, he delivered his message with conviction and tactful persuasion. Individuals and families were won to his faith by his doctrinal lectures. At a time when the using of a manuscript was the customary method of cultured preachers, he attained such an exceptional combination of ability and excellence of literary form as has made preaching without manuscript or written notes an ideal for modern preachers.

He was original, too, in sermonic arrangement. As a preacher I realize what it meant to create such sermons as his entitled "If," "But," "The Greatest of These is Love," "Thomas, the Doubter," and many others which come to memory out of the long ago as a treasured old sampler. He skilfully weighted his practical sermons with illustrations of religion for the commonplace. Typical is that of Maydole the hammer maker's reply to a visitor at the plant who had suggested that, after many years as a manufacturer, he must be able to make a pretty good hammer now. "No, sir," was the reply, "I never made a pretty good hammer, I make the best hammer ever made." He had a knack of checking up such illustrations and sermon points with the boys and girls of his congregation so as to fix them indelibly in mind as recurring admonishers for well doing.

In himself the conflict of denominationalism was reconciled. He was intensely Universalist yet charitably minded toward differing opinions. Positive yet fraternal. Loyally denominational yet not greatly restricted by denominationalism. The denomination furnished him a place of vantage and power for the real work of the Christian ministry. Long fellowshiped by both the Universalist and Unitarian Churches, he dreamed of a union of these and of the liberal elements of other Protestant Churches. The dream is not yet achieved but is already more clearly visioned and much more commonly desired.

Dr. Vincent was an incarnation of good cheer. The troubles of a minister were his personal affairs. Good cheer was his particular ministry. From my earliest acquaintance he so impressed me as an apostle of good-will that I have ever considered the Christian ministry as pre-eminently one of good cheer. I would be like him, serious but not doleful, religious but none the less human and happy. He cherished the institutions of religion as rational means to the life of the spirit. Pretense, hypocrisy and sanctimoniousness were all alien to him. His pastoral visitations were as brightening spring days to shut-ins, and as a timely medicine for the sick and afflicted. When he visited a sick youngster his likely prescription was: "Good cheer be with you when I can't." "Take your sickness one day at a time and it won't be so very long." Somewhat modified to meet the needs of adults, he gave the same suggestions to grown-ups. And when his own turn came, sickness having racked his strength, and a shock having left him incapacitated, he proved the virtue of his own prescription by taking his sickness a day at a time with remarkable fortitude—a minister of good cheer to the very end. With unfaltering trust in the Infinite Goodness, with smiles and pleasantries for the friends about him, he made his farewell and winged his way, leaving a radiance of golden memories justifying the way of the righteous as an abiding Christian ministry. I would love to see and hear him again. I would like to make a pilgrimage to Girard, Pa., to find his resting place, and on to Cincinnati to the home of his youth, and a round of the parishes to which he ministered to check up with his old parishioners the recollections of this servant of Jesus Christ. I would find a record of his achievements in temporal things: three new edifices, two churches remodeled, two parsonages secured, church debts canceled, organizations instituted, increased church membership, parishes well administered. But not in such temporalities would I best discover him, for he is

> "Of those immortal dead who live again
> In minds made better by their presence; live
> In pulses stirred to generosity,
> In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
> Of miserable aims that end in self,
> In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
> And with their mild persistence urge men's minds
> To vaster issues."

The Will of A. B. Fletcher

CLOSER study of the will of Mr. Fletcher, by which Tufts College gets such a large legacy, reveals some interesting details. There is a bequest of $20,000 to the Treasurer and Receiver General of the state of Massachusetts making a trust for the care of Mr. Fletcher's cemetery lot at Franklin, Mass., "and the monument, stones, plants and shrubbery thereon," and for general care of the cemetery if there is any surplus. Mr. Fletcher provides that if the Receiver General can not accept it, it is to go to the New England Trust Company for the same purpose.

If the cemetery is abandoned, the will provides for the purchase of another lot elsewhere, removal of the bodies and the perpetual care of the new lot. Mr. Fletcher seems to have had something of the feeling of the Pharaohs concerning the looking after the body.

He gives personal property to and establishes a trust fund of $30,000 for his sisters-in-law, Helen E. Follett, Ada M. Follett, and Catherine J. Follett. Eva Follett Warner shares in the personal but not the trust fund. Should one marry her interest goes to the surviving unmarried ones except the last one, who apparently can marry and retain it.

In memory of his mother and of his wife, Mr. Fletcher gives the First Universalist Society of Franklin $10,000 to be held in trust and the income used "for the worthy poor of the town of Franklin."

He establishes a "Fletcher Fund" for the purchase of books for the library of Mendon, Mass., bequeathing $5,000 to it.

He establishes a Fletcher Fund at Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass., of $10,000 "to be used for assisting, in the attainment of an education, young men and young women who give evidence of the possession of sufficient character and ability to be of benefit to their fellow men. Believing that those possessing the character necessary to entitle them to assistance would be unwilling to accept it as a gift," he directs the trustees to loan rather than give the income, "at a low rate of interest."

He gives $100,000 for a Fletcher Hospital at Franklin, Mass., "to be controlled by members or attendants of Protestant churches." He asks that this fund accumulate for ten years before it is used.

He bequeaths $50,000 to the town of Franklin, Mass., "for the permanent adornment and embellishment of the town, in planting trees, erecting memorial tablets and drinking fountains and establishing parks, play-grounds," etc. This is also a trust fund.

He establishes a $50,000 fund for a Fletcher Professorship of Law at Boston University and a $50,000 Loan Fund for worthy students at Boston University. Payments on these funds, however, have been made during his lifetime and are to be deducted.

By a bequest of $500,000 he establishes at Tufts College a Fletcher Professorship in Oratory, a Fletcher Professorship in English Literature, a Fletcher Professorship of Rhetoric and Debate, a Fletcher Professorship of Philosophy and a Fletcher Professorship of Music. By a bequest of $1,000,000 he establishes at Tufts the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy. If the trustees of Tufts do not observe all the directions laid down in the will for the use of these funds, he directs that they are to go to Boston University.

He gives $50,000 for the Henry J. Braker Professorship of Commercial Law at Tufts or for an addition to the endowment of the Henry J. Braker School of Commerce and Finance at Tufts.

All the rest and residue of the estate goes to Tufts for a fund to use for new buildings and their repair, but the bequest forbids using any of it to repair buildings now there. It is believed that "the residue" will amount to a large sum.

Summer Work at Old Harvard

Harry L. Canfield

THE Editor has asked me to write something for the *Leader* on my experiences at the Harvard Summer School, the fifty-third session of which has recently closed. He suggests as features to be brought out: Why I liked Harvard; does North Carolina need anything Harvard taught; what can I take back with me; is it a summer well spent. This is a fair sized order and I shall be gratified if my attempt to fill it brings out anything of real value for those who may read.

To get the full benefit of Harvard one should not ignore the sentiment that attaches to an ancient institution and its traditions. Harvard is the oldest college in the United States, having been founded in 1636, therefore in thirteen years its tercentennial will be celebrated. When it was starting on its career as an educational institution with the expressed purpose of educating the "English and Indian youth in knowledge and godliness," there were people then living who had personally known Will Shakespeare; John Milton could have graduated with its first class and afterward produced the literature that immortalized him; Samuel Pepys could have been a member of the same class and after two-thirds of a generation made his fame as the foremost of diarists; Cromwell could have been an alumnus and played high jinks with the monarchy and done it on schedule time, and the King James version of the Bible was no older to that generation than is the English revised to ours. Add to this the fact that among its actual graduates have been men who have helped make some of the best that is embodied in American history and have contributed to a large degree in the creation of a creditable national literature, and we can not but hold this old institution in a sort of reverence. One takes in the atmosphere of the place as he travels the campus paths, in the shade of campus trees and among buildings old when used as barracks for Washington's Continental troops. In this environment one connects up with the past in a very real and delightful way. Being so firmly rooted in a far-off past gives an impression of stability; one gets a sense of permanence, something enduring like the hills. There is no appearance of anything casual, transitory, or of insecurity about the institution, rather it seems an enduring and indispensable part of the universe.

Statistically, the Summer School of 1923 included these items: Subjects covered by the courses, twenty-six, the sub-courses numbering about 160. For instance, there were seven courses in chemistry and forty-five courses pertaining to the teaching profession. One of the courses in geology was conducted in the mountains of Montana. There were ninety-four professors, twenty-eight of whom were from other colleges than Harvard. The student enrollment this year was over 2,200; and these came not only from all parts of the United States but from nearly every civilized country of the world. The observatory, the laboratories and the wonderful Widener Memorial Library, containing 2,188,000 books and pamphlets, were all accessible to the students. Besides the courses of study, pilgrimages were conducted to historic and literary shrines, and there were evening lectures, readings and organ recitals.

After outlining all this is any one left guessing as to whether a six weeks at Harvard Summer School is worth while or not? And whatever course one might or might not take, is it not easy to surmise certain benefits that would inevitably acrue?

But I am asked "why I liked Harvard." May I in my reply leave a score of grounds for "liking" to be imagined and state that to me one of the most

delightful and significant facts was the absolutely equal footing on which all members of the student body stood. During the school year Harvard segregates its women in Radcliffe, but in the summer session women are admitted to all the classes with the men. On the campus, in the halls, lecture rooms and in the cafes, Chinese, Japanese, Latin Americans, Filipinos, East Indians, all received identical treatment with no discrimination. Being interested to know all the races that were represented in the student body I stopped in at headquarters one day and made the inquiry, and received the information that no note was made of the nationality of the students. It then occurred to me that in making out my application blank I was not asked to declare my complexion, nor whether I was native or foreign born. The fact that one was a human being was enough to make him a beneficiary of the accumulated culture of the centuries. And the thought has come to me—who knows but that the mingling of the races in the pursuit of knowledge may some day result in so perfect a human understanding that inter-racial friendships shall be supreme, and that the thought of armed conflict will never enter the mind?

A Universalist Church One Mile High

Harold H. Niles

WE are in Denver, the Queen City of the Rockies, one mile above sea-level. Our idea of this marvelous city had been a strange medley of Buffalo Bill and Kit Carson, together with Indians, cowboys, pioneers and miners. Our knowledge of Denver has changed this conception. Buffalo Bill lies buried on the top of Lookout Mountain, while the only Indians we have seen were imported from a reservation for the purpose of display in a parade. Although one day on 16th Street, we saw a high-powered automobile driven by a stalwart Indian. In the rear seat were a squaw, some children and a grizzled Indian. The car bore an Oklahoma license and evidently was one of the results of the sudden riches produced by the oil-lands.

Denver is a most beautiful city, destined within the next few years to reach a population of five hundred thousand people. Lying in the shadows of the rugged mountains, this is an ideal city in which to live. Here there are many beautiful parks and playgrounds, where the people revel beneath the turquoise sky.

The houses are built of brick and stone. The stores equal those to be found anywhere. The schools are the best we have ever seen. Everything that is needed is here, making this an ideal city. With its State House and its Civic Center, it reminds one of Washington.

Our church is well-situated on East Colfax Avenue and Lafayette St. It is easily accessible for both the residents and tourists. We have found a loyal group of Universalists with whom it is going to be our pleasure to work. Dr. Richard Eddy Sykes, in a recent letter, tells us of the joy which was his during a pastorate of nine happy years here. He says: "It is a faithful band of people. . . . They have kept the light of our faith trimmed and burning for a quarter of a century and the church has a fine record of loyal service which I am sure will be an inspiration to you."

It seems to me that the Universalist denomination has a rare opportunity here. Denver is a young and rapdily growing city. Here people come visiting and, unable to resist the lure of the great mountains, here they come and settle down. This is a great tourist center. I might quote the almost unbelievable figures given out by the authorities as to the number of summer residents who have come this year. I shall not do that for some might ask, "What has that to do with a Universalist church?" On the last Sunday in July, there registered in the guest-book in our church, following the morning service, people from Kansas City, Missouri; Joplin, Missouri; Ellsworth, Kansas; Marietta, Ohio; Oklahoma City; Casper, Wyoming; Spokane, Washington; and Madison, New Jersey. There were also present a man from Switzerland and a woman from England, who later came to the house, asked for literature, and have become interested in Universalism.

Is it not evident that this mile-high Universalist church has a great oportunity? It is my purpose to preach here week after week the great affirmative gospel of Universalism. When in Denver, come and worship with us. If you know of any people who have moved here, or who are visiting here, send their names to me.

In Memoriam---William H. Rider

R. Perry Bush

WILLIAM HENRY RIDER, one of the most popular clergymen of our denomination, died at his home in Essex, Mass., August 28, following an operation for cancer at the Cable Hospital at Ipswich.

He was born in Provincetown and would have been seventy-seven years of age next November.

He received his early education in the schools of his native town and he later graduated from Tufts College and Divinity School. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from his *alma mater*.

His first settlement was at Arlington, Mass., and he held subsequent pastorates at Malden, Cincinnati, Gloucester and Essex.

He was for over thirty years pastor at Gloucester and a powerful factor in the affairs of that city. Multitudes loved him, and many feared him—for he was the champion of the oppressed and the sympathetic friend of all who were in trouble or sorrow. The better you knew Brother Rider—the more fully you really understood him—the more closely you were drawn to him. He delighted in fun and jollity, but his heart was big and as tender as that of a child. In the time of sorrow he brought abundant comfort,

and he probably conducted more funeral services than any other clergyman in this vicinity. He was a man of strong convictions and he never hesitated in rebuking injustice wherever it appeared.

Thoroughly patriotic, he was much sought for upon public occasions, and his wonderful voice and oratorical power were always directed to the welfare of state and nation.

For many years he was chaplain of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and he served in the same capacity for a number of military organizations.

He was also prominent in Masonic circles, having been Master of Tyrian Lodge, a Deputy Master of the District, Chaplain of the Grand Lodge and Deputy Grand Master.

But his deepest regard was for the Universalist Church, to which he gave the best of his energy and his talents.

Seldom is it granted a pastor to enter into such intimate relations with those to whom it is his privilege to minister, but Dr. Rider was exceedingly human and altogether genuine, honest and anxious at all times to serve rich and poor alike.

The universality of the regard in which he was held was evinced when his funeral service, which was held in the Congregational Church at Essex and conducted by the Rev. John Vannevar, his life-long friend, was attended by all the clergy of the town, and the Elks by special dispensation presented their ritual, although he was not a member of their order.

The body was taken to Provincetown, where a service was conducted by the Rev. R. Perry Bush, and all that was mortal of our brother was laid to rest by the side of his worthy ancestors.

Dr. Rider married Miss Elizabeth Fillebrown of Arlington, who went before him, and they left no children.

He filled a large place in the world. He did a broad, helpful work in his own independent, worthy way, and he will be long cherished in grateful memory by those to whom he was so good and faithful a friend.

What Our People Are Thinking

FROM "A GENTLEMAN AND A SCHOLAR"

THE Labor Day issue of the *Leader* is a remarkable number. I am proud of the paper. Doubtless God could make a better fruit than the peach, but He never did. Doubtless there could be better issues than this *Leader*, but there are not. On the whole I never remember any issue of any paper that could match it. If your constituency are at all interested in the great labor problem, they will certainly be grateful for such a number. My copy goes *on file*. This commendation is given in all candor and sincerity. You deserve it.

* *

FROM A "BIG" PREACHER IN A "BIG" CHURCH

OUR problems, it seems to me, may be roughly grouped under two heads—extension and conservation. Under the first head there is nothing more important then the production of a body of the right kind of doctrinal literature. Something is being accomplished in that line now by Dr. Hall, but nearly everything we have is out of date. We have little, indeed, that we are content to put into the hands of inquirers. We need a series of pamphlets, ranging in size from the admirable "nutshell" folder, up to the sixteen-page sermon. But, as I see it, this should be approached with a well-laid program in mind, and we should *not* depend upon the accidental finding of suitable material. Following somewhat Hall's plan of a year or so ago, certain of our men should be asked to write on specific themes. I think the Convention should take this matter up in detail and provide a reasonable appropriation to get it going.

Under conservation I have but one suggestion to make, but I want to make that with a brass band! We must provide some way of pensioning our retired and worn-out ministers. We can not expect to attract and hold the right kind of talent for our pulpits until we can offer something more alluring than charity or the poorhouse to round out the preacher's days. Even such an amount as it is proposed to spend in Washington for a church that would have to be subsidized for a generation would make a splendid start, enough, I believe, to pension adequately all retiring ministers at our present rate of superannuation.

* *

FROM ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL MINISTER

I PRESUME all of us have some notion as to what might be done. I hesitate to give my own, largely because I can not practise what I preach in this regard. But in fear that I might be called a quitter when asked for opinion, I venture to give voice to my ideas.

I believe that the time is with us to establish a system of real missionary endeavor by turning loose some twenty men and women who shall go up and down the country, on highway and byway, on street corners and in city squares, to preach the gospel as we interpret it. I do not believe in the policy of waiting until we find some Universalists in any given community before we make any attempt to proclaim the gospel, rather do I believe that we should go out for the purpose of *converting* any one and every one who may be moved by our message of Christian truth. In other words, we need a campaign of real evangelism by men and women who themselves are *converted* to the vital truths of Christian teaching as we interpret it.

I can give you illustration of success in this method by pointing to the work of other denominations.

I do not care to enter into the useless and endless discussion of the meaning of the word "evangelism" and as to whether or not we can rightly use the name or method. We need some souls *baptised with fire* and then the courage to send them out two and two with the same instructions that were given of old.

I realize that it may be said that this is not practical, we have not the men and women qualified to do the work or the money to put into it. But is

not this to be a five year program and can not we train some of our people to this task? If we can raise thousands of dollars for other things can we not raise other thousands for the expansion of the gospel of Christ under the Universalist Church?

I would cut out all this present psycho-analysis stuff and emphasis on spiritual healing and noise about social regeneration and get right down to the real business of preaching the gospel of *salvation of souls* from the ever increasing sins of the time (not a little of which goes under the name of culture and etiquette).

I firmly believe that if in the next five years we could come to a Convention with a report of the work of some such missionary endeavor and through the efforts of such missionaries report that the gospel was being preached in ten or 100 places where it had not been known before, we would arouse an enthusiasm and spirit of hope which is not known to-day.

God give us somebody with the consecration of a Murray, the zeal of a Shinn, the sweetness of a Leonard, the courage of a Hall, the fire of a Whippen, to teach a class of young missionaries for a year, and then give us a board of trustees with a vision to send them forth on a two years pilgrimage to preach the Gospel of Christ and the pursuing Love of God, as interpreted by the Universalist Church.

I do not know as this helps any one but me, but I feel better for having made the suggestion.

* *

FROM ONE OF THE YOUNGER MEN

LET us strengthen weak churches in strategic points, where there is an opportunity to build strong churches.

Pay insurance to ministers over sixty-five years of age who have served the Universalist Church for twenty years.

Push the Perin-Cate House project.

Give more time to raise money for the Washington Church. Many people do not understand the movement. Give them more information. I will do what I can for the Washington Church, but think the money could be spent to better advantage in home and foreign missionary work.

* *

FROM A STATE W. U. M. S. PRESIDENT

I BELIEVE in a budget, and in state apportionments, with such annual presentation of our obligations and privileges as a Christian Church, as may inform and wake to concerted action every local church and every State Convention for completion of said budget.

I believe, as an individual, and as an officer in our woman's missionary organization, in an adequate support of our missions at home and overseas, as already established, with purpose and plan for extension of the work and suitable addition to the workers, that our faith may become recognized and adopted by those who sit in darkness and dread. A Christian must be a missionary, or in sympathy with missions and missionaries, and our Church need not blush to promulgate the Gospel that makes us all glad.

I believe there should be established a Ministerial Relief, sufficiently generous to maintain comfortably those veteran soldiers who have given their best years to our Christian ministry, and whose lives should be spared anxiety by the Church they have served, as a token of grateful appreciation.

Our famous "Drive" has made possible the preaching in isolated sections and among those who long for church services they are too few or too poor to maintain, I believe. It is surely desirable that we should be financed sufficiently to continue this service and to call upon our finest minds and most consecrated men and women for this phase of Christian endeavor.

I believe we are right to consider, before we push for the completion of the Memorial Church at Washington at once. Delays are dangerous, but deficits are often disastrous. Most truly, I wish for the church as planned, and for the Perin-Cate Home, and our Church will compass both of these desires in good time, even if not at once.

"Religious Education" seems the supreme need in this troubled world, and we can not afford to ignore the call upon our Church for its contribution.

I believe our Church has the right of leadership. I believe she has the power within her for yet greater service than she has ever rendered. And I believe she will see to it that she neither falters nor fails.

* *

FROM A GOOD MINISTER NOW IN BUSINESS

AS the Comrades have done well and their numbers indicate that definite work may be expected from them, I urge that special attention be given in due time to a large increase in membership; a paid secretary; definite, practical work for laymen, denominationally and socially.

The Comrades themselves will continue to aim at this goal. But the general denominational program should allow for it, so that due emphasis may be made.

* *

FROM ANOTHER OHIO LAYMAN

FIRST: Complete those things which have been enthusiastically and well begun. Carry to a finish the Washington Memorial Church and the Perin-Cate Home. These movements without question are right and proper and to side-track them for other issues or to go extensively into other tasks will be fair neither to the present work nor to the new.

Second: Our denomination is in absolute need of an intensive educational campaign, which may well cover a period of five or six years. This campaign should be directed first to those of our own belief and profession. As individuals we know too little of what we believe, why we believe and how to make our belief known. As a denomination we are not aggressive in presenting our position in the religious world to the public. This campaign should be directed, secondly, to the public as a whole. We should advertise and keep it up. This means make use of the public press, magazines, bill boards, etc. It is quite out of the question for us to get the public ear by ousting a preacher, and no one seems bold

enough to actually start a quarrel with some other denomination or a scrap among ourselves.

Third: Our local organizations as a whole are not functioning as they should. In the local parishes as a whole are not functioning as they should. In the local parishes there is plenty of talk and no action. We resolve to do, and then do nothing. Each waits for some one else. This is true in our local parish, and from my personal observation prevails to a large extent throughout the state. (This is not a criticism upon our State Superintendent—but one that we must take to ourselves, we have not given the support we should.)

Fourth: A detail of a part of the third problem: Thorough and systematic organization of our local financial problems. How, when and why should a "budget" be made? How, when and why should pledges be promptly secured to meet the budget? How, when and why should the "follow up" in the collection of pledges be taken up? Why does it take the trustees but fifteen minutes to authorize certain things done, or a delegate sixty seconds to make a pledge, and then the church twenty-four months to make the payment? Simply because our people have not been educated up to the point that they recognize and realize their financial as well as their moral relation to the church. How to teach our membership this lesson is a real problem. The enthusiasm which may enter a special drive does not carry through the local and constant need of the church.

Fifth: Welfare work has passed largely into the hands of one general committee in each community. A certain field, which was of interest to the church locally, has been organized effectively and a burden taken from the church. Social activities are passing to clubs and associations which are not denominational and the smaller and weaker ones are being assimilated or federated. Can a half dozen churches in a community offer effective competition to such organizations, unless they do so collectively?

Sixth: The union, amalgamated, or federated church, which to a large extent ceases to be denominational. Are we as a denomination ready and willing to enter into such unions, especially to the extent that denominational sermons will be a thing of the past? In the very makeup of the human creature there seems to be a demand for differences in religious thought and life, as well as in industrial, social, etc., divisions of society. Do we as a denomination stand and falter, or shall we lead? Shall we take the initiative in such moves and lead, or just follow, follow on?

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FROM A POWERFUL OLD WAR HORSE

IN our year book for 1922, on page 72 and 73, under VII, the resolutions seemed to me to be good. But if the *Leader* or any Superintendent or any minister has since made any reference to this section VII, it has not reached me. The Board can hardly do better at Providence, and I know no reason to suppose that the denomination will pay any more attention to what you do there, than it has paid to what you did at Detroit.

I am trying to do what I can, and, as far as I know, my brother ministers are straining every nerve to the utmost. I wonder if we do not have too much feverish and frantic denominational legislation. I know, however, that you are doing the very best you can and I will do my best to loyally support you.

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FROM A CLEVELAND BUSINESS MAN

WHILE I can not at this time formulate my views on all the subjects you mention, it would seem to me that there are three phases which should be well considered in a program of this kind.

The first to my mind is a program of religious education, and for this purpose a forward look of five or ten years is none too long, in fact, the Religious Education Association are looking forward for a period of twenty years. The views of several writers in the *Journal of Religious Education* for June would give our committee some very constructive ideas along this line.

Our Church should take its stand to strongly support an adequate program, one which will correlate all the different agencies now working upon various phases of the problem.

We have at the present time the Sunday School, the Junior Church, Y. P. C. U., Junior Union, the Clara Barton Guild, to say nothing of other organized classes and societies, all appealing for the support of very nearly the same individuals and overlapping in their work. It should be possible to exercise a centralized supervision over their activities with the end in view of securing the best interest without the competition and rivalry which must ensue in many localities.

If a competent survey and direction of this phase should find that some of these agencies were non-essential and that the work could be done better through some of the other agencies, they should be dropped.

To my mind, an adequate program of religious education will solve most of our other problems in time and, having settled on this program, the Church should support it adequately in a financial way.

The second thing, in my mind, is the entering upon a definite program of missionary work. Some progress has already been made in recent years along these lines but it seems to me that we should go considerably further. A definite program for both home and foreign missions should be worked out by the Church Board and the other societies should conform strictly to this program.

In this connection it occurs to me that the field for the women's organization should be primarily of the educational nature, while the men should assume a very definite and adequate financial support. Missionaries should not be sent to distant points depending upon the funds that various women's organizations can raise.

If this were done, we would not have the conditions before us at the present time where we have reports of a Japanese social worker trained, ready for service, but without any supplies or facilities with which to work. Also a kindergarten badly in need of repairs and equipment, while money is being raised to construct another one without any provision for its maintenance.

I believe that the missionary program should be administered as a business, with a very definite objective in view, with financial preparation accordingly.

While it may be a good thing for women's organizations and young people's clubs to assume responsibility for missionary enterprises as a method of training or missionary education, nevertheless, it is liable to be rather hard on the subjects of such experiments, unless the Church as a whole is back of the proposition.

In the third place, the program of extension: I believe we should continue the work which was first adequately financed by the drive funds.

The article in the *Universalist Leader* not long ago, by Dr. Huntley, showing what the drive meant to the G. S. S. A., brought home to me one of the great points of the drive, and this extension work and that of the Murray Lectureship should not be allowed to lapse for lack of future adequate support any more than several of the other beneficiaries of the drive funds.

Now it seems to me something of a mistake just at the time when we are ready for another drive, to go off on a tangent, and try to raise such a large amount of money for the Washington Memorial Church.

I realize that this may be an unpopular attitude with the Church authorities, but can not help believing that this view is more common among the rank and file of our Church than published reports would seem to indicate.

Extension work must be done both locally and nationally. The agencies deriving support from the drive must continue in that work and must be financed even more generously than in the past, and I believe we should seriously consider modifying the Memorial Church plan, which was conceived in a moment of well meant enthusiasm and sentiment, but should not be allowed to interfere with our general program.

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FROM AN IOWA PASTOR

THOUGH finances are important, and missionary contributions imperative both for work at home and abroad, still the outstanding need, as I see it, is for more members.

The National Convention should put more evangelists in the field of the Luther R. Robinson type. Men of sound, sane views, and of persuasive ability. Religious education and evangelism will help solve our problems, financial and otherwise.

I believe if each parish could have the special services of such men for perhaps four weeks each year, the results would more than compensate for the expenditure.

There is a "New Evangelism" and the proper type of evangelist could put it over in good shape.

* *

FROM A WOMAN LEADER

A FEW things so thoroughly discussed that the Convention will arrive at something definite and make a real plan for doing these few things.

The choice of one task commensurate with our numbers and talents and an unswerving adhesion to that task *until it is done.*

I believe that the matter of Missionary Education is *the* most important consideration.

Why do I believe it?

Because of the results obtained in the W. N. M A., the Y. P. C. U., and the General Sunday S: col Association where there have been programs of missionary education.

Because of the large untouched groups of our constituency that have got nothing at all out of these programs because they are not in the auxiliary bodies.

Because I believe our theory of the Japan Mission is all wrong. We thought we were going to build a Universalist Church in Japan and are disappointed because we have not done it. Personally I take no interest in that task.

We ought to be thinking about how we can help the Japanese people win their own fight for liberalism and democracy. If we understood better the modern trend of Foreign Missions, and looked at our part in it in relation to the whole task, we should be far more likely to accomplish something real in Japan.

Therefore I believe our Program of Advance should include a church-wide campaign for missionary education.

* *

FROM STILL ANOTHER EDITOR

LET us pass these resolutions at the Providence Convention:

I. On Creedal Statement: Resolved, that in the opinion of this Convention no one form of words shall be required for fellowship in the Universalist Church, but that we welcome to our fellowship all who are willing to take as the rule and practise of their lives Jesus' great commandment: Thou shalt love the Lord the God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and all thy mind, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

II. On Christian Unity: Resolved, that we approve the union of denominations in Canada and accept it as an ideal for ourselves and other liberal forces in the United States; that we favor combining with others of like mind and pledge ourselves to work for such union.

III. On a Christian Social Order: Resolved that the task of our Church is both salvation of the individual from evil and the creation of a Christian Social Order.

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FROM A STATE SUPERVISOR OF SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK

REGARDING a definite program of advance for the Universalist Church I would suggest the following:

A definite course of Religious Education in our colleges with specialization courses for week-day religious education and daily vacation Bible schools.

The daily vacation Bible school is a missionary work, it is also an avenue through which a great deal of social service can be done.

The Church should foster the Sunday schools financially and educationally. We do not have adequate leadership. One of the tasks of the Church should be to supply such leaders, who are equal in psychology and pedagogy to the day school teacher.

TWO EDITORIALS

HEREWITH we reprint two important editorials. "Man is unconquerable. If he is to die he will die fighting," says the *New York Tribune*. "Adulations of the human race by its own members can do no good in this crisis," says the *New York Times*. "The unteachable spirit is the most dangerous thing in the world to-day." Both things are true. But catastrophes like that in Japan and like the World War do sink into our subconsciousness, however much we try to act as if they did not. Japanese scientists will go back to their study of the law of earthquakes. It may be that some day they will utilize their power.

Man the Unconquerable

The warning of the Tokyo earthquake is for all men, whether they happen to be perched on one of the weak and faulty lines of the earth's surface or not. Just because man can ride the wind like an eagle and travel beneath the ocean like a whale does not mean that he is really the monarch of all he surveys.

It is always within the powers of the earth to bury him beneath molten lava, or shake him and his house as a terrier shakes a rat. The huge enemies of the old jungle have been sent to their corner; the microscopic enemies of that new jungle wherein dwell the bacteria are still putting up a winning fight. And the enemies within man! How many hates and appetites are still unmastered, any one of which can and does slay him in a twinkling—to say nothing of the huge machines he has spun to his peril!

The pestilence still walks in darkness, and the destruction still wastes at noonday. If the arrow no longer flies, in its place drops the giant shell and floats the poison gas. Man has conquered much and learned a little. He is still a child of the earth, swept around the sun by the tug of its gravity. He remains at the mercy of endless giant forces, and his wisdom thereof, if one looks to the whole area of the universe, is as a candle blown by a wind in the night.

Yet—the important fact is that nothing so magnificent has appeared in all time as the spirit with which man fights on. In the face of their appalling disaster, who thinks that the Japanese people will abandon their homes and surrender their island to their old enemy, that giant earth shaker who dwells beneath the Pacific and stirs its shores at will? After Messina the peasants were crawling back to their farms while the ruins still smoked. This latest disaster is undoubtedly the greatest swift catastrophe in recorded time. Yet man everywhere returns to his appointed round. All the world rallies to the aid of the Japanese to help them make a fresh start. Close up the ranks, march on, is the order.

Faiths come and go. Man's formulae for describing his motives change. His action seldom varies. Whether disaster is before or behind, whether the enemies are without or within, of his own tribe or from across the seas, he fights on. Man, the earth, our universe, may some day be snuffed out in some vast cataclysm beyond our foresight or comprehension. In that sense man may be destroyed. But, since he possesses this will to do, this eagerness to go forward whatever the cost, it is as certain as anything we know that he will never be conquered. The thrust within him, whether it be by plan or not, will hold to the end; and if it is written that he is to die he will die fighting. —*New York Tribune.*

Dies Irae

The week past saw an accumulation of disasters without parallel in recent history. Each day had bad news, thrust into the background on the morrow by news still worse. No wonder that all men and women of feeling are experiencing a return of something like the weary depression of the later weeks of the great war. The recurrence of the annual hold-up of the coal-consuming public by the miners and operators was bad enough. Hardly was this digested when the Italian attack on Greece made it plain that the lesson of the most disastrous war in history has been wasted. And while this was still before our eyes came the greatest natural cataclysm in recorded time, the complete destruction of the third city in the world and a multitude of smaller places, a loss of life and property beyond parallel, the crippling, perhaps for a generation, of one of the greatest of the Powers. An earlier and more religious age might have taken this as a proof of "*deum ira in rem humanam.*"

Horror lies heavier on us because these things come in a period of comparative peace and quiet and reviving hope. For five years the world has been surely, if with painful slowness, progressing back toward something like its condition before the disaster of 1914. We had begun to forget. Even the burning of Smyrna, the enforced migration of whole populations in the Near East, stirred us less keenly than they might have done because they happened in a quarter of the world where violence and force had always been the rule. But now the forces of Nature destroy one of the great centers of civilization. The renewed reminder of man's impotence against the forces of Nature shocks the world, which was beginning to breathe easily again, just as the sinking of the Titanic eleven years ago brought a death's-head warning to a luxurious and proud civilization.

Reacting from the depression of the last few days, some commentators have tried to cheer themselves up by talking of the unconquerable spirit of man. But the unteachable spirit of man is the most dangerous thing in the world to-day. The greatest of all earthquakes has destroyed perhaps half a million lives and $10,000,000,000 worth of goods. A war arising from man's perversity and greed destroyed, with its concomitants of revolution, famine and pestilence, probably 50,000,000 lives and $300,000,000,000 worth of goods. Scientists tell us that some time the earth's crust will have settled down, but when will human nature have settled down? The plainest and most expensive lesson in all history has been disregarded by a megalomaniac leader. Adulations of the human race by its own members, in a crisis like the present, do no good—rather positive harm. We can be saved only by industry, economy, humility and forbearance, the most unpopular of virtues, but the virtues which man must acquire if he expects to survive, to say nothing of deserving to survive.—*New York Times.*

* * *

TURNING AN ANCIENT CHURCH INTO A COMMUNITY HOUSE

AT Speedsville, Tioga County, N. Y., there is an ancient Universalist church which has voted to lose its life that it may gain it in community service. Henceforth it will be the new Community House of Speedsville.

The following interesting historical sketch has been prepared by Mr. Paul J. Slate, of Berkshire, N. Y.:

What was until recently the First Universalist Church of Speedsville dates from a meeting held at the house of Seth Jencks on the 16th day of December, 1822. At this meeting it was voted "that there be formed a Presbyterian Society in this place," and "that we approbate the propriety of building a meeting-house at or near this place." At the next meeting, held Jan. 6, 1823, at the house of Aaron Curtis, in the town of Caroline, which was then in Tioga County, the society was organized, and "being thus organized . . . did resolve to incorporate themselves into a religious incorporation of the Presbyterian church, by the name, title and style of the Trustees of the First Presbyterian Society in the Town of Caroline, County of Tioga, and State of New York, . . . and that the said persons did elect Luman Case, Cicero Barker, Josiah Perry, James Deland, Thomas Baird, and John Perry as trustees of the said society."

On Feb. 4, 1823, and several succeeding days, public auctions were held to sell the slips, or pews, in the meeting-house soon to be built. Money was scarce in these days; one-sixth of the purchase price was to be paid in money, and the balance in

stone, timber, produce, lumber and labor, whenever the trustees of the society demanded it. The prices paid ranged from $30 to $60, the average price being a little over $40 per pew. The records of payments throw much light on prices and wages. For example, Joel Hastings, who bought slip No. 34, for $31, paid for it in part as follows: Two days' work, with oxen, $2.50; by drawing "loggs" at the mill, $1; by two sills, 50 feet long, $3.50; two bunches of shingles, $3.60; by 16 1-4 gallons of whiskey, $8.12, etc. It is not recorded who drank the whiskey. Some other items show veal 4 cents a pound, butter 10 cents and a trip to Owego with an ox team for 75 cents.

As suggested above, the building was originally Presbyterian, but it was also used by the Methodists and Universalists, under the following arrangements: "That the Presbyterian Society shall and will claim the sole prerogative of directing and disposing of the said Meeting House at all times and the permanent occupancy of the same for the one half of the time to be hereafter designated and determined. And that the Methodists and Universalists may occupy the said Meeting House the other one half of the time. And if it should so happen that two religious denominations should wish to occupy the said house on the same day or on the same Sabbath, i. e., the Methodists and Universalists, the Trustees shall have full power and liberty to determine which Order shall occupy the said House on such day if required."

Within a short time, the Methodists transferred their share to the Universalists, and in 1827 we find the organization of the Universalist Society recorded in these words: "We the subscribers being firm believers in the final restoration and salvation of all men, and being desirous of supporting the preaching of the Gospel of God's Universal benevolence, do hereby in order that we may the better promote the declarative glory of God and the more effectually advance the Kingdom and Religion of our Lord Jesus Christ, mutually agree to form ourselves into a Religious Community in the presence of Almighty God to be called the First Universalist Society of the Townships of Berkshire and Caroline, to meet from time to time in the Township of Caroline, in the County of Tompkins, State of New York."

There is no record of the dedication of the church, but it is believed to have taken place in June, 1823. Services were held regularly until 1867, when for some reason they were discontinued. In 1895 extensive repairs were made. A clipping of June 4, 1895, has the following: "Thursday a cone 23 feet high, surmounted by a spire 10 feet high, to which was attached a weather vane, was hoisted from the ground to the top of the belfry of the Universalist church, a distance of 72 feet. The cone was a fine piece of architecture, designed and constructed by H. S. Aikins of Speedsville, and weighed about 1200 pounds. The occasion called together nearly all the inhabitants of this vicinity. The ponderous cone or dome was hoisted to its position by means of ginpoles at the top of the church or belfry, to which were attached immense guy ropes and pulleys. A number of ropes was attached to the cone. The men pulled on the ropes and wound some of the ropes upon a windlass, and the huge structure slowly rose in the air and was safely landed in position. This church was raised in 1823, Leonard Legg being the only one present Thursday who was present at the raising. He was six weeks old, and does not seem to recollect the circumstances. A fine bell was added to the church on July 3, 1832, at a cost of $250. . . . Much credit is due William Osborne, who made all the plans and caused the cone to be placed in its proper position, Edward Abbey, Jr., also ably assisted, seeming to know just what needed to be done."

The rededication services took place in the church Oct. 29 and 30, 1895. The services were in charge of the minister, Rev. Miss Turner, who was assisted by Rev. Mr. Milton of Auburn, Me., Mr. Graves of Scipio, and Mr. McLaughlin of Macedon. Services were held from that time until 1912, after which there was a lapse of five years. In June, 1916, a series of five meetings was held by Rev. H. C. Ledyard, of Cortland, and Rev. H. T. Kearns of Binghamton, after which meetings were held during the summer.

In 1922, the people of Speedsville met and voted to remodel the old church into a Community House. Money was raised by subscription, the pews and furniture removed, and steps taken to preserve the building from ruin.

* * *

LABOR AND THE CHURCH

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

I have greatly enjoyed reading the Labor Day Number of the *Leader*. I am a working man and know from twenty years of experience as a factory worker that the lot of a common working man in these days is hard and rough with very much to discourage and very little to encourage the worker as he struggles on through life.

It is of great interest to me to note that the religious press and the churches are beginning to take a more friendly interest in the welfare of the working class, and I think you will find that one of the results of this renewed interest will be that in a few years the working class will begin to take a greater interest in the work and welfare of the Church.

To me it seems very unfortunate that there is such a bitter feeling between Labor and Capital, and in the past I think that Labor has had the feeling that the Church was on the side of Capital, but when the Church and the religious press come out for justice and good will on both sides I am sure that you will find a changed attitude of Labor toward the Church. Your paper, with others, can exert a great influence in bringing about a changed attitude between the employers and employees of this country, and I trust that in the future you will exert your utmost effort to bring about a better feeling between these two classes. I have associated with the working class for a number of years and I know that their feelings are very bitter and these feelings seem to be growing more intense and bitter with every year. A social revolution is sure to come in this country soon unless present conditions can be changed.

A. C. Martin.

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THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Broken Tooth

I WENT unto a Dentist, and I said unto him, Thou didst fill for me a Tooth long ago, and behold, I have broken it.

And he looked at it, and he said, Wilt thou have Gas or Local Anesthetic?

And I said, Canst thou not fill it again?

And he said, Not and go to Heaven.

And he looked further, and he said, Thou hast two other teeth that are Abcessed. Hast thou no Rheumatism in thy Joints or Palpitation of the Heart?

And I said, Not any.

And he said, Thou oughtest to have, with those three teeth in the condition they are. Shall I remove them all to-day, or do part of it to-morrow?

And I said, If to-morrow it will be as unpleasant as to-day, do it now, and I shall save the anticipation.

And when he had done it, I said, Thou hast Extracted Three Expensive Teeth. It looketh to me as if the Dentists were repenting of their Sins and charging it up to their Patients.

And he said, Thou art dead right. And we have much to repent of. We killed nerves and filled Root

Canals and tried to fool ourselves with the idea that we could fool Nature, but Nature hath no love for a Dead and Decaying Bone in Living Tissue.

And I said, Dentists are as stupid as Theologians and Politicians and Philosophers who try to cure the ills of life with old and dead and decayed prescriptions and syllogisms.

And he said, We dentists do as well as anybody, and in some respects better. We have devised the best Restoration yet known to man. A filled tooth, still living, is for a period of years a Saved Tooth. That is our Doctrine of Soteriology, and we preach unto men not to sin through delay, and thus treasure up for themselves wrath in the day of wrath. And an artificial tooth is better than no tooth, and better than any other substitute in human art as part of the human frame. It is better than a Wooden Leg. It is better than a Glass Eye. It is better than a Tin Nose. But the more we know about our job, the less are we fooled with the idea that we are improving upon Nature.

And I considered that Dead Bone hath little place in living tissues and dead theories have little place in living issues, and I could not have made that rhyme if I had tried. Neither shall any be able to lead the Lord's hosts forward in the ways of righteousness and the conquest of the world by putting dead heroes on horseback.

* * *

THE JAPANESE DISASTER

President Coolidge in his appeal for aid to Japan in her hour of distress voices the feeling of individual Americans everywhere. The Government is doing all it can. The fleet which jingoes have so often seen spreading death and destruction along the coast of Japan has been placed at her service. Now it is for the millions of our private citizens to prove the genuineness of their sympathy by contributing to the victims of the disaster as generously as they are able through the Red Cross. We hardly need to be reminded that in such an emergency he gives twice who gives quickly. Nor is there any possibility of oversupplying the need which the exigency creates. The vastness of the calamity calls for a gigantic outpouring of relief.

If anything had been lacking to our perfect sympathy with Japan in a catastrophe of this kind, it would have been provided by the San Francisco earthquake, the memory of which is still fresh. As we read of fire following broken gas mains, floods of water from broken pipes overwhelming refugees, firemen unable to fight the flames because of the interruption of the water supply, we are not reading a story of unreal horrors. We are only too well able to fill in the terrible details. So with the brighter side of the picture also. We receive as inevitable and commonplace the immediate rallying of the authorities of the stricken cities to meet an unprecedented call upon their courage and resourcefulness. All our theorizing about the chasm between East and West is forgotten. We show what we really think by our matter-of-fact acceptance of the reports which depict the Japanese acting just as we should act under similar circumstances.

Yet the most impressive feature of the event remains its unparalleled magnitude. In the Messina earthquake of 1908 about 75,000 persons were killed and a somewhat larger number injured. Estimates of the loss of life and property in the present disaster are hardly more than guesses, but it is plain that that loss must far exceed any other of which we know. Puny man never looks so puny as when he is the toy of elemental forces. Nor does he loom so splendid as when, the storm passed, he casts up his losses and sets to work rebuilding the fabric which was years in the making and which an unforeseeable and unpreventable stroke has leveled in an hour. This spirit was manifest at the Chicago fire before the ruins were cold. Bankrupt merchants sat on the piles of brick that marked the wreck of their fortunes and planned for a city that should surpass the one that had vanished.

So will it be with Tokyo and Yokohama. The living will bury their dead, prince and pauper, and then they will bend to the task of building their appropriate monument—a city of which the dead would have been proud. In that task Japan will command the world's admiration and congratulations as she now commands its sympathy and help.—*New York Evening Post.*

* * *

JAPAN'S DARKEST HOUR

The imagination of mankind has been taught to face without flinching the most horrible destruction of its own device. Wars and refinements of killing have made us callous to our own prodigality in squandering human life. But when nature itself speaks a word of doom and incalculable numbers of men are done away with, we stand aghast. When mankind is most brutal to his own species there always remains a vague hope of ultimate sanity. But when nature runs amuck, we are confronted with solemn and awe-inspiring finality.

The earthquake in Japan seems to be one of the worst disasters in modern history. Two of Japan's proudest cities are smouldering ruins strewn with dead. Other towns within a radius of one hundred miles have been wholly or partially destroyed. Islands have sunk beneath the sea. The earth shuddered and the habitations of man were hurled flat. Fire has consumed them and water has swept them away. So is the seat of a mighty empire reduced to ashes and the dwelling place of its people made barren.

Of most immediate concern are food and shelter for tens of thousands of those helpless ones. The world, and America in particular, will open its heart. But even human sympathy, fine as it may be in its feeling, seems a futile thing—a word spoken in the silence of a great death.

The spirit of man is imponderable and beyond our comprehension. Tokyo and Yokohama will not be abandoned as beasts leave a smoky lair. The government will establish new palaces; the merchants will restore their shops. The moneychangers will contrive new counters; the workmen will rear again their homes. There will be another spring and another, and the gardens of Japan will once more flower.

Our generation has been nurtured in vile hatreds and inconceivable degradations of spirit. Yet again there come moments of coruscant faith in human destiny. An entire people may be swallowed in the jaws of darkness, but there will once more be light.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

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A JAPANESE GIRL'S VALEDICTORY

From "The Woman and the Leaven in Japan," by Charlotte B. DeForest, we reprint the valedictory address at the Woman's Union Christian College of Japan, Tokyo, by Miss Fumi Mitani, March, 1922:

"When the college first opened its gates to us, four years ago, and we all came trooping in, we noticed the tender young buds of the trees just opening into green leaves. How much we felt like them in our forward-looking hopes. Since that spring four times the leaves have turned yellow, and four times the new leaves have come out, and now for the fifth time the lawn is green, and the magnolias are in bloom. Nature never gets old, but is always renewing herself; she is ever young, ever fresh. Yes, we were young when we opened your gates and now we are more youthful still, for you have taught us what Plato meant when he said: 'In the Ideal World to grow older is to grow younger.' For, oh, what an infinite world you have opened before us! How small you have made us! A queen of a pond we were, and now we are even smaller than a grain of sand on the shore of the boundless sea. You are a magician. What to us before was a line of words or a stone, has become to us a world, no, a universe. Like Saul, the son

of Kish, who was sent to seek his father's ass and found a kingdom, we opened your gates in time and have been led into the realm of eternity.

"The daily morning service has brought us strength and inspiration of soul. But you have also taught us the sacred meaning of study. You have taught us that to study is to pray, that to study is to trace the footprints of God. The subjects we have been taught were various. Some studied Philosophy, some Japanese or English Literature, others Economics, and still others Social Sciences. But what we have learned is at bottom the same,—that to study with sincerity is itself to be pious. In every subject you have led us till we bowed our heads in humble awe before Him who reveals Himself through all.

"You tell us that to-day is our Commencement Day. It seems but yesterday that we entered here. But now it may be it is time for us to go. We feel like young birds pushed by the mother bird from the nest because it is time for us to learn to use our wings. Yet we seem to hear a voice calling us. It is the voice of the dearest treasure of our hearts and at the same time the greatest gift you have ever been able to give us—the quiet but authoritative calling of your deepest principle—Service and Sacrifice.

"To-day is not only our Commencement Day, but is the Commencement Day of your self-expansion. You are going to spread through us to enlarge yourself into a spiritual college which is no longer bound by the laws of Time and Space. We thank you from our hearts for the diplomas you have just granted us. They shall be to us a sign of your trust, and we promise that the college shall suffer no harm from our holding them. We know we have had the greatest privilege that any class can have, for we have been with you during the hardest part of your life, and because we know so well, we can sympathize with you more deeply. But where our privileges are great, there our responsibilities are great also. We will remember that we are still a part of the college and we are going out into the world with your spirit in our hearts and we know that where your spirit is there you are also.

"Grow freely through us young branches, Mother Tree. Spring is vitalizing us with its light and warmth and we go out into the air to bring new life to you. Let us grow until we bear some modest fruit working together for the glory of the Great Father who is the source of your hope and ours."

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A BISHOP ON RAISING MONEY

"The Art of Raising Money for a Good Cause" is discussed by the Rt. Rev. Wm. Lawrence, Bishop of Massachusetts, in the September *Atlantic Monthly*, under the title "An Invigorating Avocation." Bishop Lawrence recently raised over a million dollars for the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge. Among his other famous campaigns was that for five million dollars for the Church Pension Fund, which went to eight and a half millions.

He never allows a person to sign in his presence, but lets a simple statement of facts do the work. He says that to succeed you have to be sure you have a good cause, and if your cause seems small or local it must be linked up with "some big cause or problem touching the whole people." The leading men in any project must be the ones to go out and see people. It can't be done by circulars. And these leaders must "cut into their own hides deeper than they expect any person they approach to cut into his." To pay the expenses of a campaign, it is wise to have a special fund raised in advance. Names of contributors are not made public but a confidential list of important givers is shown so that a man may know who are his fellow stockholders in a project. Among the rules laid down are: Don't ask more than you are likely to get. A considerable amount ought to be quietly pledged in advance of the public appeal. Keep a personal touch with givers and don't let the campaign become simply the movements of a machine. Be honest. Don't hold back totals to announce them at so called strategic moments.

The discussion of these things by one of the most genuine and lovable of men is fascinating. Even people not interested in raising money will be interested in this article as a charming bit of autobiography.

Bishop Lawrence gives pertinent anecdotes to illustrate his points, and men like Wm. K. Vanderbilt, Commodore Bourne and Mr. Ochs of the *New York Times* appear in the story.

Other articles in the September *Atlantic* of especial interest are "What Is Marriage," by A. Maude Royden, a discussion of divorce; "Of Luxuries and Hardships," an account of the luxury of living a missionary life in the heart of an African jungle and having servants who cry with joy when you come home, by Jean Kenyon MacKenzie; "Christian Missions, an Attempt at Reappraisal," by Paul Hutchinson, formerly a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Shanghai and editor of the *China Christian Advocate*, an article calling the Church back to the task of dealing with international immoralities and crimes if it is to have the slightest influence in the future in the mission field; "John Sobiesky vs. the People of America," by James Bronson Reynolds, the true and moving story of a Lithuanian immigrant.

With half a dozen other equally significant articles, a poem by Katharine Lee Bates, and a story by the wife of H. G. Wells, the *Atlantic* does not seem to be in any period of decay.

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PREMIER KATO OF JAPAN

Baron Kato died within a few days of the formal exchange at Washington of the ratifications by the five powers of the treaty for the limitation of naval armament, the crowning achievement of his distinguished career. For as the senior delegate of Japan at the Conference he had been among the foremost advocates of the international agreement to end naval competition and to relieve the world of the standing threat of future conflict. The best testimony to his enlightened statesmanship is to be found in the record of those weeks of earnest labor in the cause of peace.

With the conclusion of the Conference there came a marked change of feeling throughout the United States toward Japan. Suspicion and apprehension, kept alive by artful agitation, gave way to belief in the honesty of Japan's friendship. Rumors and gossip, arising often from malice or ignorance, died down, and even the worst offenders were silenced by the facts of the Washington Conference. It was not only in what he said but in what he helped to accomplish that Baron Kato was the missionary to the better understanding between the two nations.

It was the fashion for a period to rail at Japan over the Shantung question, but it has demonstrated its good faith by meeting its full engagements. If the twenty-one demands upon China remain a troubled issue it is only fair to say that there is no responsible Government in China with which matters of controversy can be adjusted by Japan or any other power. The outstanding fact is that because of Baron Kato's efforts Japan stands committed along with the other great naval and Pacific powers to solemn treaties, to-day in force, that serve as solid bulwarks of world peace.—*New York World.*

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THE TIES THAT BIND

We were greatly relieved to learn that out in the open spaces where they talk about he-men, thirsts and God's country their household gods are the same as ours. The signboards and the street-car cards throughout the country are given over to most credulous and awe-inspiring arguments for the use of Lux, Rinso, and the consumption of Ridgeway's. As long as we eat the same foods, drink the same brews and wear the same brands of underwear, we need never fear the dissolving powers of Labor or Socialism. A man can not fight another man who has used his brand of safety razor. They have already suffered too much in common. Neither can a woman who has that dish-pan-y look on her hands feel superior to another woman who uses the same kind of soap. They are sisters under the suds.—*Brooklyn Life.*

Home and Children

THE WORLD BUILDERS

Give me the poet's vision,
Grant me the gift of song;
Life and the things eternal
All to the bards belong.

They are the true world builders,
Theirs are the deathless years,
Theirs is an ageless scepter—
Wielders of dreams and tears.

Where is the soldier's glory?
Where is the monarch's name?
Theirs is a bloody story,
Theirs is a blighted fame.

Where is the statesman's grandeur?
Where is the courtier's pride?
Lo! in the tombs they rest them,
By the wild ocean side.

Give me the poet's vision,
Grant me the gift of song;
Life and the things eternal
All to the bards belong.

Thomas Curtis Clark.

* * *

JOHNNIE AND THE BEARS

JOHNNIE was never known as a brave boy until after his adventure with three bears. The fact is, he was so timid his father was ashamed of him, and his mother used to read him tales of brave men and tell him thrilling stories about courageous deeds of his own ancestors, just to make a man of him if possible. She said she didn't like to feel that her son was afraid of his own shadow. Johnnie was ten years old and the only brother his three sisters had; as his mother often explained to him, he was their natural protector. The little girls, of course, thought he was braver than a lion.

These children lived on a wilderness farm in the North Woods not far from Old Mackinaw. To this day there are many bears living in these woods. Last year there were so many of them living in what is known as the Black River District, that the farmers were obliged to watch their flocks of sheep all the time. The bears grew so bold that they began to kill sheep in broad daylight.

Johnnie was glad when school closed that summer, because he always expected to meet a bear on his way to school or coming home. The teacher met a bear one morning, but it was a gentle bear and didn't even offer to shake hands when the teacher looked at him as much as to say, "You are a perfect stranger to me, sir!" Perhaps she hurt the bear's feelings, because he turned away and walked straight into a blackberry thicket without saying a word.

The children laughed when the teacher told them about her adventure with the bear, and were much interested. Several little boys and girls said that their fathers and mothers had told them that on meeting a bear the thing to do is to whistle or sing or, if possible, to climb a slender tree. Johnnie, though, turned pale and really couldn't give himself nor anyone else a bit of advice about what to do on meeting a bear. He was always ready to say his "I-thank-you" prayers late in the afternoon of every school-day when he and the two little school-going sisters reached home safely.

Johnnie believed that when school closed his troubles would be ended so far as bears are concerned, even though he did hear stories every day about how many sheep were being killed by bears. He did hope that the bears wouldn't get any of his father's sheep.

One summer night, though, after the chores were done, Johnnie felt strange creeps going up his back, and he felt the strangest feeling in his scalp, as if every hair in his head was standing straight up. He knew he felt more frightened just then than the teacher did when she met her bear. Now this is the thing that scared Johnnie so that he couldn't sleep half that night. He heard his father say to his mother:

"We shall have to watch our little flock of sheep every day or the bears will surely get them, especially late in the afternoon. When we go to work to-morrow we shall take Johnnie with us to watch the sheep!"

That settled it! Johnnie went with his father and Uncle Tom next day when they fared forth to work in the field under the juniper hill. Johnnie was so scared that his knees trembled, but he didn't say anything, because talk was worse than useless. His father despised cowards.

"Now, son," his father said when he left the little boy under a tree on top of the hill, "all you need to do is to keep an eye on the sheep down there in the meadow, and if you see a bear anywhere in sight below, toot your horn 'toot-toot-toot,' like this, and either Uncle Tom or I will be here instantly to shoot the bear. Mind you keep a sharp lookout!"

Johnnie thought it wasn't necessary to tell him to keep a sharp lookout; he was sure to do that without being told. All the morning he sat still as a mouse and watched his father's sheep grazing in the meadow below; he watched the dark thickets along the winding river; he gazed into the woods at the right and the left; he even glanced into the tree above his head; looking for a bear, dreading to see a bear, fearing that a bear might come after him instead of after the sheep. Most of the time he held the horn in both hands, ready for action.

At noon Johnnie went home to dinner with his father and Uncle Tom. His mother noticed that he looked pale and had dark rings under his eyes. After dinner she said to his father:

"Perhaps Johnnie better stay at home this afternoon. I don't believe he feels well."

Father turned to Johnnie. "Are you feeling ill, sonny-boy?" inquired he kindly.

"No, sir," Johnnie answered.

"There was nothing wrong with his appetite," Johnnie's father said to Johnnie's mother. "I noticed that the lad ate a big dinner. It is really necessary to have some one watch the sheep. Are you ready to go, son?"

"Yes, sir," Johnnie agreed. He hoped his father didn't know how scared he was; he knew his mother understood.

It was a lovely afternoon in that northern land.

Cool breezes were blowing, lovely birds were singing, wild flowers were nodding on their stems, soft white clouds were floating across clear blue sky, the sheep were lying down at rest, the bees were humming—humming! Johnnie fell asleep repeating the Twenty-third Psalm. It comforted him that afternoon when he felt so tired and so afraid.

The last thing Johnnie remembered was that he was repeating "He leadeth me beside the still waters," while he noticed that the Black River lay like a shining silver ribbon beyond the spot where the sheep were sleeping. "The still waters," he repeated—"the still waters."

Johnnie didn't know when the horn slipped from his hand and his head found a mossy pillow. He didn't know when he stretched his feet out through the forest flowers and folded his hands on a violet bed.

When Johnnie awoke, he couldn't think where he was, for a moment. He heard no sound, but he felt as if some one was gazing upon him. He realized then that he had fallen asleep at his post, and that doubtless his father or Uncle Tom had found him there, asleep. Johnnie felt so out of patience with himself for falling asleep like little Boy Blue, that he forgot to be afraid.

Straightway he opened his eyes. His father wasn't there, neither was Uncle Tom; but three bears were standing in a row, gazing at him—*three bears!* There was a huge bear, a middle-sized bear, and a little bear; they all looked hungry. Strange as it seemed to him afterward, Johnnie didn't feel a bit afraid even then; instead, he was rather sure he was dreaming.

Quick as a flash, up he jumped on his hands and knees, pounded his fists hard on the ground, and in a terrible voice shouted, "Shoo—shoo—shoo—*shoo* Shoo!"

Then how he laughed, because the three bears turned so fast they bumped noses and went clumsily down the hill so hastily they almost turned somersaults. Without a backward glance they flew for the nearest thicket. The little fellow was the first out of sight; he went like a streak of brown fur sliding through the air.

Next Johnnie knew, "Bang!—Bang!" went two rifles almost together. Johnnie's father and Uncle Tom had come up the hill to rest a few minutes and to talk with Johnnie to keep him from being lonely. Imagine how alarmed they were when they didn't see Johnnie but did behold three bears! No wonder they laughed at what happened next, and no wonder the bears escaped unharmed.

When Johnnie's mother heard the story that night, she put her arms around him and said: "Well, this ends it! I am not going to let my little boy watch for bears ever again!"

"Oh, please, mother," begged Johnnie. "Some one must watch the sheep! I was sleepy because I stayed awake so much last night. You see, I was afraid of bears yesterday! Now I am not afraid of the biggest bear in the woods! I like bears! Please let me watch the sheep every day! You need me, don't you, father?"

Until bedtime that night Johnnie played sleeping boy and the three bears with his little sisters. Sometimes he was the boy who awoke suddenly to pound his fists and say in a terrible voice, "Shoo—*shoo*—SHOO!" to send the three bears scampering, and sometimes the little sisters took turns being the boy; but it was the merriest game they had played in many a day, and how the family laughed.

And that autumn, if you please, when all bears went to sleep for the winter in that wilderness land near Old Mackinaw, they may have smiled, remembering that there was one flock of sheep they had never dared go near because of a brave and merry-hearted boy on a hilltop who liked bears. If that boy saw a bear walking too near his father's sheep, or two or three of them, he used to lift a silvery horn to his lips and cheerfully warn them away from danger, like this: "Toot—toot, toot—too-too-toot!"

Wasn't it gay and funny?—*Frances Margaret Fox, in Congregationalist.*

* * *

IMAGINATION AND UNTRUTH

Mary E. Underwood

One day last winter my six-year-old boy ran to me and said, 'Come out and see a bird's nest with four blue eggs in it."

In surprise I took his hand and walked beside him through the garden to a leafless wintry rosebush to which he pointed triumphantly. "But where is the nest?" I asked.

"Right there," he insisted, indicating a bleak branch with not so much as a straw on it.

"But there is no nest," I insisted.

Then he withdrew his hand and looked up into my face with utmost scorn. "Can't you make-believe anything?" he said.

What was my response? What should have been my response do you think? Well, I believe the words that rushed to my lips were the right and true words. I said, "Why, darling, I beg your pardon for being so stupid! Of course I can make-believe and I'll never be so dull again."

The next week, however, there occurred in my household a very different kind of falsehood. A little girl of whom I had temporary charge had found a purse with a good deal of money in it. We had talked about this among our neighbors and in the child's presence until she felt very proud of herself. One day she came to me with a dollar bill in her hand.

"I certainly will make you rich sometime," she exclaimed, quoting a remark which we had frequently made among ourselves. "Here is a dol'ar I found under a rock."

I can not tell just why I did not believe her, but accepting the dollar of which she made me a present I went to my purse. It had been taken out of that. I called her in from her play and very quietly told her I felt sure she had taken the dollar from me and asked her why she had done so.

She denied it—she even protested piously that she could not be so base as to steal from one to whom she owed so much kindness. I did not argue or raise my voice; I simply kept saying, "Why did you take it?" "I feel sure you took it." "Tell me why you took it."

Suddenly she broke down and admitted her guilt. Of course her reason was clear: She wanted to be talked about more, to hear people say, "Mabel has found more money." She had no desire for the money itself; she had given it back to me.

The first of these cases, that of the bird's nest story, was an act of harmless and beautiful imagination; the second was a lie. The spirit of the first should be encouraged, the second required a punishment which would make clear to the child's conscience the baseness of her deed.

It is seldom hard to know the difference between flights of a child's imagination and his untruths. To sympathize with the former, however, we must pause for a few minutes and try really to understand children's natures.

It is very unjust to confuse this beautiful gift of childhood

with the spirit of cowardice and vanity which is at the root of most lying. To be good mothers we must realize that our little children up to ten years of age are like poets and artists and musicians—to a great extent they live in their busy imaginations.—*National Kindergarten Association.*

* * *

THE PEDDLER

A peddler came to our house;
His coat was green and worn,
His hat was very dusty,
His shoes were most forlorn;
Besides, he carried on his back
A heavy, bumpy, oilskin pack.
"Poor man!" I thought. "Poor man!"
Then—he began!

And, oh, if you could just have seen
That pack when it was spread!
Brooches and coral, combs and rings,
Glass beads and laces,
Looking-glasses,
Beeswax and pearls and thread:
Perfumes and scissors, bodkins and things;
Thimbles and emeries and tape and twine,
And sachets and bracelets I wished were mine;
And cards and pencils and paper and ink,
Pens and erasers. You'd never think,
You'd never dream, all the things that he had;
Enough to make Robinson Crusoe glad!
Cook bought some post cards and hairpins and thread,
But I'd have liked bracelets and rings instead
If I'd had money to spend. Oh, well,
It's a funny old world; you never can tell
What kind of people will come to the door,
Who are maybe rich when you think they're poor!
It's a funny old world, for you'd never suppose
That a man with a rusty, dusty hat
And forlorn old shoes all scuffed at the toes
Was a gentleman quite so rich as that!

Laura Spencer Porter, in Youth's Companion.

* * *

DIFFERENT KINDS OF FREEDOM

To most of us freedom means no more than liberty to do as we like. It takes an unusual person to prize freedom as an abstract principle, or to grow enthusiastic over the freedom to do something that he had never cared to do or thought of doing.

Since different people want to do such different things, they naturally have different ideas of what freedom means. A great many Americans have been energetic and enterprising in business and have loved to do things on their own initiative; to them freedom has consequently meant freedom of enterprise. Other Americans care little to engage in business enterprise but seek rather to express themselves in writing and speaking; therefore to them freedom does not mean much unless it includes freedom of speech and of the press. The men of enterprise have not always been so zealous for freedom of speech and of the press as for freedom of enterprise; and the talkers and writers have not always been so zealous for freedom of enterprise as for freedom of speech.

It is interesting and instructive to observe that certain foreign countries assert that Americans have less freedom than their own citizens. Americans are much freer than Europeans to engage in productive enterprises; they are freer to seek their fortune in all sorts of useful employment; they can discuss public questions both in open forums and in the public press much more freely; but they are less free to gratify their animal appetites. That is the only respect in which Europeans are freer than Americans are. Since we do not greatly prize that particular kind of freedom, we are not conscious that our freedom is restricted, but doubtless Europeans feel much freer in their own lands than they would feel if they came here.

The tendency on our part to prize merely that freedom which enables us to do what we like to do rather than to prize the freedom that enables every one to do whatever is useful and to seek the legitimate rewards of his effort helps to explain why freedom makes such slow progress. We must first learn to realize that no one kind of freedom is any more sacred than any other, and that no special kind is an end in itself. Each and every kind must meet the test of social utility. No one is entitled to freedom to do anything that is contrary to the public good. Freedom to produce, freedom to consume and freedom to speak and write are all on the same footing; all alike should be subject to that limitation. When we clearly realize that truth and begin to work consistently for the larger freedom rather than for the narrower, fragmentary and personal freedom, then real freedom will have a new birth.—*Youth's Companion.*

* * *

A QUICK-THINKING PREACHER

What a valuable gift is a ready wit! It so often makes the difference between humiliation and triumph. An interesting example of its usefulness in a tight place is given by a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly;* she writes:

One day an Indian native preacher whom I delight to think of was trying to preach to a crowd of Mohammedan villagers. An old hostile *maulvi* stepped up and said:

"If you think you are able to instruct us, tell me this: God made the world, didn't He? Well, what did He do with the pieces that were left? You know there must have been some scraps."

Without hesitating, the preacher stretched out his arm, pointing directly in front of him. The crowd turned to look.

"There are the pieces," he cried dramatically, indicating the horizon of Himalayas, which shone in their snows dazzlingly after a winter rain.

The crowd looked and fell silent. "That's so!" conceded the awe-struck *maulvi.* And they heard him reverently to the end, no longer doubting his wisdom.

* * *

ALL SERENE

The Florida beach and blue sea looked inviting to the tourist from the North, but before venturing out to swim he thought to make sure.

"You're certain there are no alligators here?" he inquired of the guide.

"Nossuh," replied that functionary, grinning broadly. "Ain' no 'gators hyah."

Reassured, the tourist started out. As the water lapped about his chest he called back:

"What makes you so sure there aren't any alligators?"

"Dey's got too much sense," bellowed the guide. "De sharks done skeered dem all away."—*American Legion Weekly.*

* * *

MARK TWAIN ON BOOKS

"I suppose," a young woman once said gushingly to Mark Twain, "that you're awfully fond of books, aren't you?"

"Well, that depends," drawled the humorist. "If a book has a leather cover it has magnificent value as a razor strop. A brief, concise work such as the French write is very useful to put under the short leg of a wabbly table. Large old-fashioned books with clasps can't be beat as missiles to hurl at dogs. A large book like a geography is nearly as good as a piece of tin to nail over a broken windowpane."—*Exchange.*

* * *

CAREFUL MAN

A motorist meeting an old colored man trudging along the dusty road generously offered him a lift.

"No, sah, thank you, sah!" said the old man. "Ah reckon mah ol' laigs will take me 'long fast enough."

"Aren't afraid, are you, uncle? Have you ever been in an automobile?"

"Nevah but once, sah," was the reply, "and den Ah didn't jet all mah weight down."—*Boston Transcript.*

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

Sept. 18. New Hampshire Convention, Portsmouth.

Sept. 21-23. Illinois Y. P. C. U. Convention, Hoopeston.

Oct. 1-3. Minnesota Convention, Tuttle Church, Minneapolis.

Oct. 4-6. Indiana Convention, Salem Church, Peru.

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MURRAY GROVE

The place where lived the first Universalist layman, Thomas Potter, who built his house upon the sand but his faith upon the rock, is one of perennial interest to every Universalist. Some one has facetiously remarked that John Murray would never have landed there if it had not been for the fog in which the Hand-in-Hand strayed from its course. But now the spiritual heirs of Potter and Murray are drawn there, not only by the charm of place but by the greater charm of hallowed association.

But for Murray Grove to become a place of continued resort to which people shall return year after year, there must be comfort and stimulus; there must be something to come for, in addition to the hallowed associations of the place, and one must be able to enjoy himself while there.

Since the addition to the Murray Grove House was built in 1920, it is easy for any one of reasonably simple tastes to be comfortable, when the capacity of the place is not seriously over-taxed as it was in the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary year. Now that the Association is out of debt and is free to make further improvements, Murray Grove will be a still better place to go. There will be a tennis court and a croquet ground, not the two occupying the same space at the same time, as at present; there will be a men's club house; there will be a boat house with a screened shelter down by the bay; perhaps sometime there will be a bathing beach on our own property. These improvements will come one by one.

But even now, Murray Grove is a good place to go. I have been there for four successive years, and each has been a little better than the one before. Said one for whom this year's was the third visit, "It took three visits to make me like the place, but now I do, and I'd like to come back again."

From the Old to the New

Murray Grove, through its board of managers, is taking account of the changing needs of the Church. Once there was a time when doctrinal controversy was its chief interest, and protracted summer meetings with frequent sermons were a source of comfort, delight and inspiration to the saints who gathered here.

Then came a time when our chief occupation was patting ourselves on the back because of the great deeds and dreams of our theological forebears, who had rediscovered God's infinite love and preached it so persuasively that it seemed no longer necessary for one to say to another, "Know the Lord." Just to bask in the effulgent glory of Potter and Murray in this historic spot was then enough.

But, to paraphrase a slogan of the newspaper comics, so-called, those diurnal divisions of eternity have departed into the domain of forgotten things, never to return. The Church of to-day is demanding that which shall make it a more useful agent in advancing the practise of Christianity in the world. And in response to that demand, institutes and Conferences of various sorts and under varying auspices have come into existence and increasing popularity.

Murray Grove, through its Board of Directors, and in co-operation with our various denominational bodies, has made itself a center for this kind of work. Two such Institutes were held there this summer, one under the auspices of the Women's National Missionary Association, and one under the joint direction of the General Sunday School Association and of the Young People's Christian Union. Plans are already being made for similar Institutes next year.

From these Institutes our workers have returned to their home churches better informed regarding their work and with some measure of inspiration to service. As the technic of Institute work is improved and as attendance increases these valuable results will be proportionately increased.

What is needed now is that every local church, Sunday school, Y. P. C. U., and Mission Circle in the territory contiguous to Murray Grove, especially in the Middle Atlantic states and western Connecticut, shall plan to be represented there next year. Plans may have to be changed, of course, but if one hundred delegates begin to think and talk about going, we shall have not only more of these people there next year, but their plans and purpose will persuade others to go with them, and we shall have twice the enrollment of the Institutes of 1923.

Purposeful Vacations

It is not worth while to maintain a place like Murray Grove, with all the thought and effort that the officers of the Association are putting into it, simply to provide an inexpensive summer boarding house in a historic spot. If that were all Murray Grove was to be, it should be put on a strictly commercial basis, and the present rates increased about fifty per cent. But that is not what it should be if it is to serve the Church of to-day and to-morrow. It should endeavor to bring together in increasing numbers those who are anxious to learn the why and the how of work in and through the Church, and to receive for that work the inspiration of the faith and faithfulness of the two men whose meeting made this place historic.

Specializing in Religion

In the August *Atlantic Monthly*, Philip Cabot, who is actively interested in various Unitarian enterprises, urges the need for seasons when individuals and groups can concentrate on the thought of God. As a preventive and a cure of the ills of a nervous, high-strung age, he advocates something in the nature of the "Retreat" featured by the Catholic Church, both for priests and laymen. This is not an end in itself, any more than were Jesus' trips into the wilderness and up the mountainsides, but would be used for its recuperative power.

Perhaps we should be better prepared to make and to carry out a program for our Church if we had such seasons of refreshing. Suppose we should have, not a retreat, for that savors of defeat, but a period of communion, of fellowship, of inspiration, when a group of ministers or ministers and layman could get together for several days, perhaps a week, taking time to get acquainted with their own souls, with one another and with God. Our Church would be stronger, as their own souls would be, and we should return to daily tasks "with faith and cheer and vision clear."

And what better place than Murray Grove, where John Murray found the place of refreshment which he sought from the disasters before which he had gone down almost in total defeat? In a place made sacred by the providential meeting of the first Universalist layman and the first Universalist minister, where the finger of God wrote the first words of our denominational history, we could well spend a few days specializing in religion for the sake of the greater service which we could render afterward.

Stanley Manning,
Director of Young People's Work.
Boston, September 6.

* *

For the Quiet Hour

To love God and to seek to serve and please Him is the sum of human duty, and it is forever incredible that God should demand any more or be satisfied with any less. The divine aim is to bring men into the loving recognition and acceptance of the divine will. Forgiveness by the heavenly Father is no more difficult than forgiveness by an earthly father, and in both cases what is desired is the establishment of the filial spirit in the heart and will of the wayward child. And this is salvation in the ethical sense, and the only salvation with which we have any practical concern.

Borden P. Bowne.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

AT MURRAY GROVE

Isn't it splendid to go somewhere and have a friend greet you happily, and then have the increased joy of adding many new friends hourly? This is your privilege at Murray Grove Institute. All who were not in attendance at some time during the past season missed many treats of varied nature. Besides being the birthplace of Universalism, where one can see and learn first hand many interesting things concerning the beginnings which we all should know, it is a place to get acquainted with many leaders in many fields of the Church.

At the Women's Missionary Institute held during the week of Aug. 20-25 Rev. Maude Lyon Cary conducted two periods in the morning on the lesson book for the year, "Creative Forces in Japan." This was taken up in detail, a chapter a day with review. Each day brought forth a new way of presenting some telling points—by monologue, living pictures, story telling, playlet, posters and a pageant. All students responded to questions or volunteered information in a most pleasing way or conducted part of the program. Mrs. Cary was "saturated" with her subject, and all were carried along with the enthusiasm of gaining new ideas about our little cherry blossom neighbors and feeling very near to them. For by knowledge the kinship and oneness come close. How very fitting that we should study Japan this year now that our feelings are forcibly aroused by their awful catastrophe.

After Mrs. Cary conducted the study for the first two periods Miss Susan M. Andrews had the class the last two periods in the morning in Methods. It is a scholarly, high-sounding word, but—oh! all you missionary societies just alive come next year and get the life-giving enthusiasm along with *ideas*.

"To desire to do good is positively dangerous unless one knows what is good to do."

Some of the points dwelt on that all should think about and from time to time get new inspiration for are: 1. Value of organization. 2. Aims of the Missionary Association. 3. Program Building. 4. All the big and little things that go towards creating a larger spirit of missions and effective Christian service.

You should avail yourselves of the opportunity to study under such large-minded, well prepared, earnest teachers. You will be the gainer in a finer sympathy of heart for all mankind. We need more leaders and workers. Here is where they are made. Encourage those we have in the field by attending our women's institutes at Murray Grove or Ferry Beach, or Northfield. You could profitably attend all of them. But with limited time or money at your disposal take two days at least next summer and attend one of these institutes. Also see to it that one or more members are sent from your Circle. If you choose wisely you will all profit thereby. You need new ideas in ways of conducting church societies as well as changing courses in schools. These teachers who spend so much time and effort should teach to crowds and be encouraged to even larger efforts. Make your plans for attending next year and see if we can't have so many that we shall be obliged to hold our meetings out where the blueberries grow thickest.

What did I go to Murray Grove for?

1. To learn about Japan from a teacher.
2. To gain a better angle on Japan than merely reading about it.
3. To learn how to present the material in a live way.
4. To learn how to organize programs.
5. To learn why some Circles succeed and others fail.
6. To be with people interested in the same things.

What did I get?

More than I expected on all points, and a contact and acquaintance with some leaders and authorities and a deep love for them. There came an inspiration all get and a renewed spirit of effort and a consecration under a spell of indescribable holy atmosphere found at Murray Grove. Here are relics and dreams of Thomas Potter and John Murray. One can not but feel where they worked and prayed and helped so we must do our little to move the world forward in service and blaze a still wider path.

Irma L. Koch,
President Newark, N. J., Mission Circle.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

* *
* Providence, Oct. 20, 21, 22 and 23. *
* Credential blanks are now being *
* sent to all schools. It should be *
* understood that every Universalist *
* school is entitled to send voting *
* delegates (three for the first hun- *
* dred members or fraction thereof *
* and one extra for each additional *
* fifty members or fraction thereof). *
* If blanks are not received, the Gen- *
* eral Association should be notified. *
* Besides its official representatives *
* every school should send as many *
* visitors as possible—we want crowd- *
* ed churches. *
* *
* *

A COURSE IN MISSIONARY EDUCATION

The letters of Dr. van Schaick, which appeared in the *Universalist Leader* during April and May of 1923, give an excellent brief course in the fundamentals of Missionary Education for the Universalist Sunday school worker. One of the teachers at a Summer Institute referred to them many times, telling the exact page of the different issues where many important items of information might be found. The teacher who says she does not know what to tell her class about missions, can not do better than to give an evening to the careful reading of this series of articles. The same teacher at the Summer Institute told her class so many times that this or that useful material could be found in the *Universalist Leader* that it grew to be a joke with the class. During the last of the lessons, if she would ask where any material could be found, the class would laugh and reply in concert, "In the *Leader*." But it was not a joke! If you want stories, or pictures, or interesting items to illuminate your Japan lessons, consult your file of the *Universalist Leader*. Watch for new stories and new information during the fall months.

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OUR NEW JAPAN MATERIAL

The General Sunday School Association has issued two leaflets this year to aid in presenting the Japan lessons. One is called "Universalism and Christianity in Japan" and gives in outline the chief events in the development of missions in Japan. This is intended to furnish the teacher with the necessary background of facts. The other is called "A Missionary Program for Universalist Schools," and gives suggestions for the missionary program for the entire school year with lists of available material. These will both be sent early in September to all ministers, superintendents, and local superintendents of missionary education whose addresses are recorded at Headquarters. Others may receive them on application.

A. G. E.

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HONORS AT HAVERHILL

Haverhill, Mass., one of our strong and growing schools, comes forward with its list of the faithful. The following records will go into our book of honor:

Leslie Wakefield, perfect in attendance for seven years.

Raymond Whitney, perfect in attendance for seven years.

Gertrude Lawrence, perfect in attendance for six years.

Several other scholars at Haverhill have made a good start toward distinction.

Among Our Churches

Church News and Interests

PERSONAL

Rev. Frank Durward Adams, D. D., has his book "Did Jesus Mean It?" reviewed most intelligently and appreciatively by *Zion's Herald*, Boston, in the issue of Aug. 29.

Arthur Nash of Cincinnati and his new book, "The Golden Rule in Business," are made the subject of the "One Book a Week" department of *Christian Work*, in the issue for Sept. 1—both being highly praised.

Rev. Arthur W. McDavitt, of Racine, edits the religious department in the *Wisconsin Agriculturist*, a paper with a circulation of 80,000. Among other things Mr. McDavitt furnishes a sermon a column long each week.

Rev. L. Griswold Williams, minister of the Church of Our Father, Reading, Pa., returned to his duties Sept. 9, after a summer spent in Brittany, Belgium, Holland and England, his principal interests in travel being the cathedrals of England, twelve of which were visited, and the megalithic remains in England and France.

California

Oakland.—Rev. Bernard C. Ruggles, pastor. Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles left after the last Sunday in August for a two months vacation in the East. This is their first vacation after eight years of continuous service, summer and winter, and they were sent on their trip with the heartiest God-speed of their church. Rev. Edson Reifsnider, sojourning for a year in California, will supply the pulpit and will occupy the pastoral home. Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles will visit Denver, Minneapolis, Chicago, Buffalo, Pennsylvania, Boston. They will celebrate their twentieth wedding anniversary in Peterboro, N. H., in October. Their trip will culminate by attending the Providence Convention. They leave the church in a healthy and happy condition after a fine summer's attendance. One new member was received on Aug. 26, two upon Mothers' Day and five boys and girls of the Sunday school on Children's Sunday, making eight since Easter.

Indiana

Indianapolis.—Rev. Edwin Cunningham, pastor. Regular services were resumed Sept. 2, and one of our young ladies, a member of the Y. P. C. U., received the rite of baptism and full membership in the church.

Iowa

Webster City.—Rev. George Wood, pastor. Services were resumed Sept. 2 after a vacation during August. Mrs. Wood, the pastor's wife, and son Hatherly, are in England for a visit.

Waterloo.—Rev. Otto Raspe, pastor. Services were resumed here Sept. 2, after vacation. The pastor drove to Maine with his family. All our church people here expect interest and enthusiasm in the good work now begun.

Boone.—L. V. Harpel is now in charge here, beginning his services Aug. 19—a "School of Religion" based on modern scholarship. Public worship is held at 10.15 a. m. every Sunday with lectures on "The New Religion" followed by discussion in open forum. The State Superintendent will assist as called upon.

Mitchellville.—Rev. O. G. Colegrove, pastor. Union evening services were held Sundays during July and August with the other churches. So our church has been active during the summer. We are purchasing new song books from our Publishing House for our Sunday school. We expect to observe Rally Day and Home Coming Day Sept. 30.

Massachusetts

Milford.—Rev. Harry L. Fister, pastor. Mr. Fister has issued a stirring call to worship and work in the new church year, quoting former President Wilson on "The Road Away from Revolution" as "The Road Which Leads to a More Spiritual Life"—quoting the late President Harding's sentence, "We need more of the Christ spirit, more of the Christ practise, and a new and abiding consecration to reverence for God;" and quoting Roger Babson on "two-thirds of the troubles of the world being spiritual" and the need of the world being "more education based on the teachings of Jesus." The church opened for its 144th year on Sept. 9.

Vermont

Hartland.—Rev. George L. Mason is pastor of the Hartland Four Corners church and is the first pastor to live in the parsonage. He and Mrs. Mason are finding many ways to help the community. The annual pilgrimage to this historic church was held Aug. 26. At the morning service Rev. Harry L. Canfield of Rocky Mount, N. C., brought a most helpful and inspiring message which started the day in the right spirit. The social hour and lunch at noon, with coffee served by the ladies of the church, proved a pleasant feature of the celebration. At 2 o'clock, Rev. Donald Flower presiding, Rev. Ezra Hoyt of Hingham, Mass., gave a rousing and convincing address on co-operating with God in doing the work of the world. This was followed by a unique and scholarly address by Mr. Richard Billings of Woodstock. All the speakers of the day were listened to with the greatest appreciation and elicited most favorable comment by all who were privileged to hear them. The church building made an attractive appearance in its new coat of paint and still further improvements are planned. Mr. Mason has been speaking at South Woodstock evenings during August.

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CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1923

Previously reported	1,403
Indianapolis, Ind.	1
Oakland, Cal.	8
Total	1,412

* *

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 656. Marysville, Ohio, 2. Total, 658.

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DEATH OF DR. A. H. LAING

Rev. Alfred Howitzer Laing, D. D., died at his home in Joliet, Ill., on Friday morning, Aug. 31. A fuller notice will appear later.

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LIBERAL SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

The following prospectus has been prepared by the Universalist Sabbath School Union, for the Liberal School of Religious Education, meeting at Universalist Headquarters, 176 Newbury St., Boston.

Purpose: To assist in the training of liberal teachers of religion for their task of child and adult leadership.

Time: Tuesday evenings, Oct. 16 to Dec. 18 inclusive, and Jan. 8 to March 25 inclusive.

Courses: 7-7.45. Religious Psychology. A brief survey of what self is. The psychology of the person at various stages of development from childhood to adulthood. Educational materials adapted to these stages. Methods of teaching in churches. Types of religious experience. The psychological versus the theological interpretation of religion. The contribution of religious attitudes to social reconstruction. Prof. C. R. Skinner of Tufts.

8-8.45. The Synoptic Gospels. The relation of the first three gospels, their individual characteristics and origin. General character, literary history and historical value of their contents. Principal events and features of Jesus' life—his occupation, objective, results. The birth, miracle and resurrection narratives. The teaching of Jesus—its form, scope and principal emphasis. Analysis of Jesus' teaching on contemporary Judaism, on the future, on personal and social ethics and on religion. The personality of Jesus—his self-consciousness, his own religious life, his influence. Prof. H. J. Cadbury of Harvard.

Students: By a special vote of the Directors, invitation is issued to members of the Unitarian, Congregational and Friend

schools to come for training. This school is undenominational in scope and purpose. The courses offered this year challenge the attention of all teachers, superintendents, and ministers. It is an opportunity to improve one's fundamental knowledge.

Registration: Cards may be sent to the registrar or registration may take place at time of meeting. A fee of $2 a semester, $4 for the course, will be collected. This fee pays only a fraction of the expenses. Funds of the Sabbath School Union supply the remainder.

President, Rev. Elbert W. Whippen. Secretary and Registrar, Miss Dora J. Brown, 176 Newbury St., Boston.

Directors, the directors of the Sabbath School Union.

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AN APPRECIATION

The Fair Committee of the Ladies' Aid of Ferry Beach Park desire to express their grateful appreciation to all in the north, south, east and west who so generously responded to the call for fancy articles for the sale held Aug. 7, 1923.

Martha J. Marshall, Chairman.

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UNIVERSALISM VIA A FORD SEDAN

O. G. Colegrove

Having a car of our own, the minister, wife, and nephew, planned an 1,800 mile ride for a vacation. Our first stop was in Illinois at Morrison, where once we had a church. Services were held on Sunday afternoon in the home of Mrs. H. Fellows with a large attendance and good interest in the services. At Muncie, Ind., we were delegates to the National Y. P. C. U.—one of the best Conventions. At Greenville, Ohio, a reception for us brought out our church people and a sermon was given by the pastor of other days. This church needs a pastor now. At Woodstock, Ohio, we had a very large audience, eager to hear the message of our great faith, and a people that need a pastor to work with them, and at Plain City, Ohio, a social was enjoyed, friends being present from Columbus, O. At Marysville, two children were christened, children of Rev. Geo. F. Thompson. Concord, Mich., is where the minister preached his "maiden" sermon thirty-eight years ago, and where this year he had a cordial welcome by Rev. Wm. Couden, pastor, and his good people. Horton, Mich., is still nearer the minister's boyhood home, and the people heard him gladly even if "a prophet is not without honor except in his own country." They, too, are a good people, with a good pastor, Rev. William Couden.

* *

Notices

ILLINOIS FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

President J. M. Tilden, of Lombard College, Galesburg, Ill., having applied for ordination, the Illinois Fellowship Committee will meet the candidate at the Hamilton Club, Chicago, at noon Saturday, Sept. 29, to act on his a plication.

Lewis B. Fisher, Secretary.

MASSACHUSETTS FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

John Dwight Brush, pastor-elect of the church at North Weymouth, Mass., having applied for ordination, a meeting of the Fellowship Committee will be held on Sept. 24 to examine as to his fitness, etc.

Harry E. Adams, Secretary.

* *

PENNSYLVANIA W. U. M. S.

The twenty-eighth annual Convention of the W. U. M. S. of Pennsylvania will meet in the Universalist Church at Reading on Tuesday, Sept. 25, 1923, at 11 a. m. to act upon reports, elect officers, and transact any other business that may come before the Convention.

S. B. Gregory, Secretary.

* *

STUDENTS COMING TO BOSTON

We know that many students from Universalist families will come to Boston this fall. The undersigned will appreciate being advised of same by parents, friends, or ministers.

Rev. Fred Atkins Moore.
Beacon Universalist Church,
286 Harvard St., Brookline, Mass.

* *

RICHARD M. SMITH, M. A., PH. D.

I offer myself for work in the service of the Universalist Church.

Richard M. Smith, Universalist Minister,
1028 S. 26th St., Birmingham, Ala.

* *

NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION

The eighteenth annual session of the Universalist Convention of North Carolina will be held at Woodington, Sept. 20-23, 1923.

J. R. Miller, Secretary.

* *

GENERAL CONVENTION REMITTANCES

The fiscal year of the Universalist General Convention ends Sept. 30, 1923. All money to be credited on this year's accounts should be in the secretary's office by that date.

Special attention is called to the necessity of paying General Convention quotas in order that local churches may be represented at the Providence Convention in October. Article II, Section 2, of the Constitution has the following proviso: "To be entitled to such lay delegates and in order that its minister be eligible to be a delegate, every parish must maintain its legal existence and support public worship regularly and make a contribution on quota to the General Convention during each of the two years prior to the meeting of said Convention."

Roger F. Etz, Secretary.
176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

* *

RAILROAD RATES TO PROVIDENCE

The Railroad Associations have granted a reduced rate of a fare and one-half for the round trip to the Providence Conventions except from North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida and Canada. This will be on the certificate plan. Further particulars will be given later. For information write to Rev. J. W. Vallentyne, 124 North Kenilworth Avenue, Oak Park, Ill., Transportation Representative, or Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

* *

ILLINOIS STATE CONVENTION

The Illinois Universalist Convention will be held at Hoopeston, Sept. 21-26. Extensive preparations are being made for a great occasion.

C. A. Polson.

* *

PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION

All Universalists in Pennsylvania are hereby notified of the annual Convention at Reading, Sept. 25-27. The change from June to September is pursuant to a resolution adopted at the last Convention.

Please notify Mr. A. G. Bailey, 137 North 5th St., Lodging and breakfast furnished without charge.

H. E. Benton, Secretary.

NEW YORK W. U. M. S.

The twenty-ninth annual Convention of the Women's Universalist Missionary Society of New York State will be held in the Church of the Reconciliation, Utica, N. Y., Wednesday, Oct. 10, 1923. Election of officers will take place, reports will be given and other business transacted.

Edith W. Johnson, Recording Secretary.

* *

UNIVERSALIST GENERAL CONVENTION

Official Call

The Universalist General Convention will hold its next session in the First Universalist Church, Providence, R. I., beginning at 7.15 p. m., Wednesday, Oct. 24, 1923, to receive reports, elect officers and transact such other business as may legally come before it.

Roger F. Etz, Secretary.

* *

INDIANA CONVENTION

The seventy-sixth annual session of the Universalist Convention of Indiana and its auxiliaries will be held at Salem church near Peru, Oct. 4-6, for the hearing of reports, election of officers and transaction of such other business as may legally come before the Convention.

Breakfast and lodging free. Other meals 50 cents.

Pearl M. Mock, Secretary.

* *

MICHIGAN FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Rev. C. F. Patterson has been granted a letter of transfer to the Massachusetts Convention.

G. H. Ashworth, Secretary.

* *

W. U. M. S. OF MAINE

The twenty-ninth annual Convention of the W. U. M. S. of Maine will meet in the Universalist church at Rockland, on Tuesday, Sept. 25, 1923, at 1.30 p. m., to act upon reports, elect officers, and for the transaction of any other business that may legally come before the Convention.

Persis Shedd, Secretary.

* *

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

Sept. 19, 1923. New Hampshire State Convention, Portsmouth.

Sept. 20-23, 1923. North Carolina State Convention, Woodington.

Sept. 21-26, 1923. Illinois State Convention, Hoopeston.

Sept. 25, 26, 1923. Maine State Convention, Rockland.

Sept. 25-27, 1923. Pennsylvania State Convention, Reading.

Oct. 4, 1923. Public Meeting Massachusetts W. U. M. S., Universalist Church, Gloucester.

Oct. 9-11, 1923. New York State Convention, Utica.

Oct. 20-28, 1923. Universalist General Convention, Providence, R. I.

Oct. 21-23, 1923. Convention of General Sunday School Association, Providence, R. I.

Oct. 24, 1923. W. N. M. A. Convention, Providence, R. I.

Oct. 27, 1923. 2 p. m. Biennial Meeting of Universalist Comrades, Providence, R. I. 7.30 p. m. Biennial Dinner of the Universalist Comrades, Providence, R. I.

Nov. 1-4, 1923. Alabama State Convention.

* *

NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION

The 98th annual session of the New York State Convention of Universalists will convene in the Church of Reconciliation, Utica, N. Y., October 9, 10, and 11, for the election of officers for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may legally come before this body.

G. D. Walker, Secretary.

* *

NEW HAMPSHIRE UNIVERSALIST STATE CONVENTION

The annual session of the New Hampshire Universalist State Convention will be held at Portsmouth, Sept. 19, and 20. As special business, new Constitution and By-laws will come up for consideration.

Asa Mayo Bradley, Secretary.

NEW HAMPSHIRE SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION

The annual session of the New Hampshire Universalist Sunday School Convention will be held in Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 18, 1923.

* *

MAINE STATE CONVENTION

Official Call

The 94th annual session of the Maine State Convention will be held in the Universalist Church, Rockland, Me., Sept. 25, 26, 1923, for the purpose of electing officers; to vote on the proposed amendment of Art. 11, Sec. 4, of the Constitution so it shall read: "Of five lay delegates from each parish in its fellowship;" to vote on proposed amendment changing Art. vii of By-Laws to read: "Every parish in the Fellowship of this Convention is expected to contribute each year, according to its ability, to the aid of the work of this Convention and of the General Convention, and to co-operate heartily in the plans, purposes and policies of this Convention and the General Convention;" also to transact any other business which may legally be brought before the Convention.

Milo G. Folsom, Secretary.

The Annual Y. P. C. U. Convention will meet Monday, Sept. 24, the Annual W. U. M. S. Convention Tuesday, Sept. 25, at 2.30 p. m., and the Annual S. S. Convention Tuesday a. m., Sept. 25.

Program

Monday, Sept. 24. 35th annual session of the Y. P. C. U. 2 p. m. Meeting of the State Board. 2.30. Opening of the Convention. Address of Welcome, Miss Marion Marsh, secretary of the Rockland Union. Reports. Address. Discussion of local Union problems and plans. Election of officers. Missionary offering.

7.30 p. m. Devotional service, Rev. W. H. Gould, Livermore Falls. Address. Speaker to be announced. Remarks by Rev. John Ratcliff. Address, Rev. H. D. Maxwell, Monmouth.

Tuesday, Sept. 25. 8.30 a. m. Devotional service, Rev. Harry Townsend, Westbrook. Roll Call of the State Convention. Addresses of Welcome. Response by president and president's annual address. Official reports.

10.15. Annual session of the State Sunday School Association. Four ten-minute addresses: Rev. Francis A. Gray, D. D., Bath; Rev. Wm. H. Gould, Livermore Falls; F. E. Wheeler, M. D., Waterville; Mrs. M. G. Folsom, Gardiner. Discussion. Address, Rev. Francis W. Gibbs, Fitchburg, Mass. Reports. Election of officers.

Afternoon. The twenty-ninth annual session of the W. U. M. S. 1.30. Devotional service. Reports. President's annual address. Address, Rev. Hannah J. Powell, Sunburst, N. C. Pledges. Election of officers. Round Table of Methods.

6 p. m. Clara Barton Guild Supper. For all interested in the Guild. Brief talks by Miss Andrews and Mrs. Robinson.

7.30 p. m. Rev. Charles Knickerbocker, presiding. Address, Rev. Hannah Powell, North Carolina. Communion, Rev. John Ratcliff, Rockland, assisted by Rev. E. W. Webber, Thomaston. Occasional sermon, Rev. A. Francis Walch, Augusta.

Wednesday, Sept. 26. 8.30 a. m. Devotional service. Rev. Klaas Oosterhuis, Oakfield. Business. 11.45. Fraternal Greetings.

2 p. m. Devotional service. Rev. Hugo Perdelwitz, Calais. Address, Mrs. Stella M. Cushing. Address, Rev. Harold Marshall, D. D. Adjournment.

4.30. Automobile Sight-Seeing Trip.

6 0. m. Comrades Banquet. Robert L. Whitcomb, President of Maine State Chapter of Comrades, toastmaster. Brief addresses by four prominent laymen. Address by Rev. John van Schaick, Jr., D. D., Editor of the *Leader*.

* *

NEW HAMPSHIRE W. U. M. A.

The 30th annual Convention of the Women's Missionary Association of New Hampshire will be held at Portsmouth, Sept. 19, at 1 p. m. for the election of officers and such other business as may legally come before the meeting.

The address will be given by Rev. Maude Lyon Cary of Little Falls, N. Y.

Mary Stewart Cole, Secretary.

WOMEN'S NATIONAL MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION

Proposed Amendments to the Constitution and By-Laws

In accordance with the requirements of the By-Laws, Article IX, Amendments, notice is hereby given that the following amendments to the Constitution and By-Laws of the W. N. M. A., by substitution, will be proposed at the next session held in Providence, R. I., Oct. 24, 1923.

For the Committee on Revision,

Marian W. Lobdell, Chairman.

Aug. 24, 1923.

Constitution

Article III (page 4), paragraph 3. Substitute the word associate for honorary, so as to read as follows: "Men may become associate members by the same payments as women."

Article V (page 5) section 3. Strike out the words, *two auditors*, found in the last two lines of the paragraph. (It will be seen that if the proposed change in the By-Laws is effected, it will no longer be necessary to elect auditors at the biennial Convention.)

By-Laws

Article I (page 10), section 5, Treasurer. The Treasurer shall keep full and accurate accounts of receipts and disbursements in books belonging to the Association, and shall deposit all money and other valuable effects in its name and to its credit in such depositories as may be designated by the Executive Board.

She shall disburse the funds of the Association as may be ordered by the Executive Board, and attested by the President and Chairman of the Finance Committee, and in every case she shall take a proper voucher therefor. She shall render the President, the Executive Board or the Chairman of the Finance Committee, each month or whenever any of them require it, an account of her transactions as Treasurer and a statement as to the financial condition of the Association.

She shall invest the Permanent Funds of the Association in accordance with instructions of the Finance Committee. She shall hold all mortgages, bonds or other valuable papers, and shall submit the same to the inspection of the Executive Board or Finance Committee whenever required so to do.

She shall give the Association a bond in a sum and with sureties satisfactory to the Executive Board for the faithful discharge of the duties of her office and for the restoration to the Association in case of death, resignation or removal from office of all its books, papers, vouchers, money, securities or other property of whatever kind in her possession.

Section 8, Auditors. At least once a year the books and accounts of the Treasurer and the Corresponding Secretary shall be audited by public accountants to be appointed by the Executive Board, and the reports of such accountants shall be submitted to the biennial meeting of the Association.

Section 9, Finance Committee. The Finance Committee shall have special charge and control of the finances of the Association. It shall have full authority to invest and reinvest funds of the Association. Such funds, however, are to be invested only in first mortgages, government, state, or municipal bonds, and deposits in savings banks. It shall submit to the Executive Board at each meeting a statement of the financial condition of the Association, and any recommendations which it may have concerning the same. At least once a year the Committee shall prepare and submit for the consideration of the Executive Board a detailed budget of expenses.

At least once in five years it shall employ a competent real estate agent or attorney, who shall furnish to each member of the Executive Board a certified list of all the mortgages held by the Association and his opinion as to the safety of the investment.

* *

W. N. M. A.—OFFICIAL CALL

The forty-fourth Convention of the Women's National Missionary Association will be held in the First Universalist Church in Providence, R. I., on Wednesday, Oct. 24, 1923, for the receiving of reports for the two years past, the election of officers and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before it.

Marian W. Lobdell, Recording Secretary.

MICHIGAN CONVENTION

The Universalist Convention of Michigan will meet in the First Universalist Church in Detroit, Oct. 9 and 10. The Rev. George Campbell of Olinda, Ontario, will deliver the occasional sermon.

William Couden, Secretary.

Married

Woodrow-Dailey.—In Mitchellville, Iowa, Aug. 23, by Rev. O. G. Colegrove, I. H. Woodrow and Ella Dailey, both of Mitchellville.

Obituary

Mrs. Nathan Brownell

Rozella Hart Brownell was born in Hubbardsville, N. Y., Aug. 15, 1830, and died in her old home there July 19, 1923. Mrs. Brownell had been a lifelong Universalist and devoted much of her life to her beloved church. For years she was a teacher of the primary class in the Sunday school and a regular attendant at church as long as her health would permit. She leaves one son, Frank Brownell of Hubbardsville, and one daughter, Mrs. Harry Morgan of Madison. She had a great host of devoted friends who will ever remember her. The funeral was held on Sunday afternoon, July 22, Rev. L. C. Nichols of Utica officiating.

Mrs. Janett A. Hurd

Janett A. Hurd, daughter of Alexander and Ruth Tullock, passed into the next life, Aug. 21, at her home in Joliet, Ill. She lived all her seventy-five years in Joliet, taking a very active part in the work of St. John's Universalist Church, particularly the Ladies' Aid, of which she was made secretary for life. Kindly and hospitable in spirit, she was loved and respected by all. Her two sons, Ladd and Charles, a brother and a sister, survive her. In the absence of Rev. W. H. Macpherson, her pastor, the funeral service was conducted by Rev. Edwin Cunningham of Indianapolis, on Aug. 27. Interment was in Elmhurst Cemetery.

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During the summer months there are accommodations for women unattended who may wish to visit Boston for a few days at a time. For such transients the price is $1.25 a day.

For further information please address the Superintendent, Miss Ruth E. Hersey, 14 Worcester St., Boston.

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MASSACHUSETTS STATE CONVENTION

The Hosea Ballou Foundation has been established for Home Mission Work. One hundred thousand dollars are needed. Gifts and bequests solicited.

The Convention acts as Trustee for funds given or bequeathed to Local Parishes.

Funds may be given to the Convention, the giver to receive an Annuity, and, at his death, the money will be devoted to Universalist purposes.

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Crackling

They had lost their way in their new and expensive car. "There's a sign, dear," she said. "Are we on the right road?"

With his flashlight he read: "To the Poorhouse." "Yes," he answered. "We're on the right road and didn't know it."—*Baptist Observer.*

* *

She: "Help! Police! Stop him! He tried to flirt with me."

Cop: "Calm yourself, lady, there's plenty more."—*Siren.*

* *

We suggest that some one start to manufacture spare parts for pedestrians. It looks like a profitable business.—*Charleston Gazette.*

* *

"The doctor says he'll remove my appendix for fifteen hundred dollars."

"Oh, George, I'd much rather have a touring-car."—*Life.*

* *

Teacher: "Newton discovered the law of gravity by an apple falling from a tree upon his head."

Johnny (a reluctant pupil): "Yes'm; if he'd been in school he'd never have discovered anything at all."—*Selected.*

* *

It was Sunday dinner. The small boy broke out, "Who is this Andy we sing about at Sunday school—'Andy walks with me, Andy talks with me'?" It *was* confusing.—*Christian Work.*

* *

"Gerald," said the young wife, noticing how heartily he was eating, "do I cook as well as your mother did?"

Gerald stared at her. "Once and for all, Agatha," he said, "I beg you will remember that although I may seem to be in reduced circumstances now, I come of an old and distinguished family. My mother was not a cook."—*Kansas City Star.*

* *

Roads in the Home Counties are said to be particularly bumpy. And in our opinion they will remain so until motorists exercise more discretion in selectiong the pedestrians they put down as a top dressing.—*The Passing Show (London).*

* *

The world is full of more or less diverting situations and the minister's little boy is out there in front of the house at this very moment, playing rum-runner.—*Ohio State Journal.*

* *

First Villager: "Hello, Aaron! Hear you've got married. What kind of a match did you make?"

Second Villager: "Well, neighbor, I didn't do as well as I expected; but to tell you the truth, I don't think she did, either."—*Congrega ionalist.*

* *

"This question seems to puzzle you."

"Not the question—but the answer."—*Sondays Nisse (Stockholm).*

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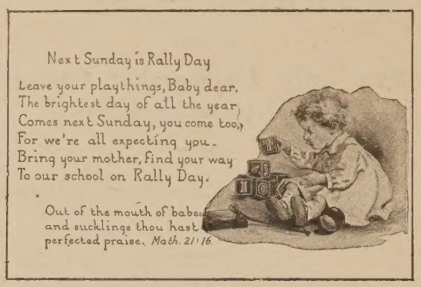

Next Sunday is Rally Day
Leave your playthings, Baby dear,
The brightest day of all the year,
Comes next Sunday, you come too,
For we're all expecting you.
Bring your mother, find your way
To our school on Rally Day.
Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise. Math. 21:16

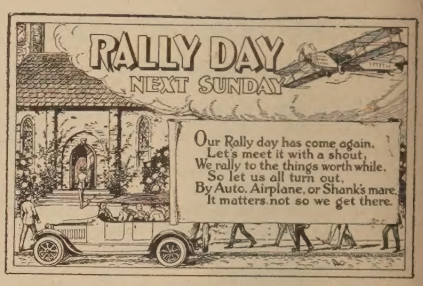
No. 67 For Cradle Roll.

Sunday School
RALLY DAY · NEXT SUNDAY ·
is one of the HAPPIEST DAYS
in our school. Every boy and girl who
loves the school wants to come on that day.
You will come wont you? And bring
some one?
"Let us go into the house of the Lord."

No. 72 For Beginners and Primary.

Rally Day Next Sunday
RALLY DAY MAIL
The Mail Man has something
delightful for you,
Guess what it is: it is easy to do,
Yes, you are right! It's a warm invitation
Come to our Schools Rally Day celebration!
He that heareth, let him say, Come.—Rev. 22.17.

No. 68 For Beginners.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NEXT SUNDAY
Our Rally day has come again.
Let's meet it with a shout,
We rally to the things worth while.
So let us all turn out.
By Auto. Airplane, or Shanks mare.
It matters not so we get there.

No. 75 For Men and Older Boys.

Rally Day WILL BE OBSERVED
IN OUR SCHOOL NEXT SUNDAY
will you help make it a
GRAND SUCCESS by being present
early yourself?
Cordially yours,
BRING SOMEONE NOT ALREADY A MEMBER

No. 74 For General Use.

NEXT SUNDAY will be RALLY DAY in Our School
THIS IS A CALL FOR YOU.
CALL OF TRUMPET AND DRUM.
TO HEAR! HEAR! HEAR!
AND COME! COME! COME!

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